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THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.—[DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1869.

HOW TO HELP PRESIDENT GRANT.

THE long agony will soon be over, and we shall all know who is to be in the Cabinet. The reticence of the President elect has given boundless opportunity for conjecture, and for many weeks we have been regaled with very extraordinary speculations. Meanwhile it is curious to remark how very limited has been the range of names mentioned for each office, and how confidently, despite all rumors, the conviction of the properly partisan character of the Administration has deepened. By partisan we do not mean to contrast party with patriotism, but to identify the two. If a man honestly believes the principles and policy of the Republican party to be best for the country, his patriotism and his party fidelity are so far synonymous. Party in that case is the hand by which patriotism works. Those who do not perceive that parties have their origin in human nature and temperament may heartily despise them; but those who do, see also their necessity. There is always a great deal of sentimentality about a no-party Administration; but a patriotic President is a party President.

Now the principle which we shall undoubtedly see illustrated in the choice of the Cabinet is one that every member of the dominant party should remember. The President will select honest and capable men from the Republican ranks. Let every Republican who recommends another for office follow the same rule. We have to bear the odium of the enormous corruption which prevails in the Revenue Department. Whether the offenders are political Johnsonians or not, they are supposed to be under the protection of the party in power. It is a duty to the party, therefore, not to connive at the nomination to office of incompetent or unprincipled men, however sound Republicans they may be. Every such man is a mill-stone around the neck of the party, and whoever assists him into place helps to push the party out of power.

Especially should those whose names are valuable insist upon keeping them so by not indiscriminately signing every petition nor recommending every applicant. A conspicuous gentleman, who had filled high offices in the State, used to sign every petition that was brought to him, and always had a private understanding with the appointing power that his name was never to be regarded unless it was accompanied by a special letter. This was timid, and like all timidity it baffled its own ends. For the appointing power could always see that the recommendation of one who had no moral courage, and who was evidently so anxious a politician, was not very valuable. No man can complain, when he has taught people not to respect his name, that it has ceased to be respectable.

If a man has not the courage to abide by his convictions of fitness and honesty under such circumstances, he has not courage enough honestly to take part in politics. He is constantly sinning against the public welfare, and makes himself a public nuisance. It is to him, and such conduct as his, that the horrible waste and corruption in the public service are due, which have made the Civil Service Bill indispensable. And while we have no such law let us all do what we can to supply its place.

As to the distinction between what are called conservatives and radicals the President will undoubtedly smilingly disregard it, and we may wisely do the same. Those who are most conspicuous in the party *as* conservatives and *as* radicals are not the most conspicuous also as honest and unsuspected men. We shall not be surprised if the Cabinet is made up of both classes. General GRANT is naturally not an extreme man, as it is called; if we may mix metaphoric party slang, he is neither a hunker nor a red. But of all men he is self-dependent, and if his Secretary of State, being both honest and capable, be also radical, we presume there is no man in the world who will be less troubled by that fact than the President. His policy will not be determined by his Cabinet, and he certainly will be the tool of no clique or faction. How refreshing it is to contemplate such a President! How the whole national life is invigorated by the general conviction that sagacity, integrity, and energy are about to succeed doggedness, confusion, corruption, and treachery in the executive control of the Government!

THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

THE fact that there are only about four weeks between the time of voting for Presidential electors and the time of their assembling to ballot for President and Vice-President, and the further and controlling fact that this time is wholly insufficient for correcting the astounding frauds which have become engrafted upon the system, must convince the people of the United States that some serious change is necessary to secure a fair and complete expression of the popular will. The regulation of this matter, if a change of the National Constitution shall be thought inexpedient, belongs partly to Congress and partly to the State Legislatures, the power of each being derived from that instrument. The Constitution provides (Sec. 1, Art. 2) that "Each *State* shall appoint in such manner as the *Legislature* thereof may direct a number of electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress," and that "the Congress may determine the *time* of choosing the electors, and the *day* on which they shall give their votes; which day shall be the same throughout the United States."

An act of Congress, passed in pursuance of this last provision, requires that the election shall occur on the Tuesday following the first Monday of November, and that the electors shall meet on the first Wednesday in December. The general ticket system has been adopted by the several States for the election of electors in place of the district system, which prevailed in some States, and of that of appointment by the Legislature—a mode also adopted by several States, and adhered to by South Carolina up to a recent period.

The Congressional arrangement of the time for choosing electors and the day for their meeting, which constituted the limit of Congressional power, was made when the Government was first set in motion, and was afterward slightly changed, without supposing, it may be inferred, that there would ever be gross frauds like those perpetrated at the last election—frauds which gave the electoral vote of New York to the nominees of the Democratic party. The arrangement of these frauds, long in advance of the general election, created a "serene confidence" in the result in the minds of those who were charged with the duty of management. The escape from this danger, the most frightful to the country which can be contemplated, was due to the early discovery of this plan, to well-devised efforts to obstruct it, to the great popularity of the Republican candidate, and, it may be said, to an interposition which in great emergencies has ever saved our country from ruin.

The momentous interests which are staked upon a Presidential contest leave no doubt that future elections will be marked by frauds more serious and general than those of last November. The question, what remedies shall be applied, is far above those which ordinarily receive attention in partisan struggles. It concerns the purity of the franchise, the liberty—indeed the safety—of each citizen, and the continuance of free government. If a remedy shall not be devised neither property nor life will be safe. They will be at the mercy of those politicians who hold all rights in utter contempt.

As the Constitution in its present shape gives to Congress no other power in this matter than to arrange the *time* for choosing and the *day* for the meeting of electors, and as the local Legislatures have the sole power to determine the *manner* in which each State shall appoint them, it will be seen that, while Congress can enlarge the interval between the time of election and the day for balloting, the State Legislature alone can provide the means within that enlarged interval for purging the election of such frauds. The whole interval, consisting at the last election of only twenty-four working days, was consumed in the necessary process of counting. By reference to our State election laws, which conform in this respect very nearly to those of other States, it will readily be seen that no opportunity exists for expunging the fraudulent votes.

First, the inspectors of the election are to count and certify the result; next, the boards of local canvassers are to meet and act upon these certificates. The returns of the local boards are to be sent to some central point in particular districts; they are then to be collected and forwarded to the Secretary of State; the Board of State Canvassers then meets to ascertain the combined result; and, finally, the Secretary of State gives to each elector a certificate of his election; and thus provided the electors organize, fill vacancies, and on the next day, the first Wednesday in December, give their votes.

These several instrumentalities are armed with no other authority than that of ascertaining the vote actually given, and can not investigate any charge of fraud, such as repeaters or the improperly naturalized commit. On the contrary, jurisdiction over the correction of these frauds is given solely to the Judiciary, which is fettered by the well-known rule of law that a board of canvassers can not be convened by any authority after the day fixed for the purpose of completing their work by statute; and hence it would be impossible to act except during the time thus allowed to each of those Boards. The frauds were so extensive and the time so very short that the object of those who were fully aware of their existence, and who desired their correction, was completely frustrated. This difficulty was perfectly well understood by those who planned this scheme for securing the control of the General Government, and constituted the basis of that "serene confidence" which was felt in the result.

The adoption of the general ticket system is a direct encouragement to these frauds, inasmuch as under that system the fraudulent vote in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and places which were exposed to the same influences, overcame the vote of the rural districts; whereas if the district system had been in operation, or that of appointment by the Legislature, this temptation to commit these frauds would not have existed to the same extent. Under either of these latter modes of appointment each locality would be free of the control of any other, and its vote would be represented in the Electoral College.

The policy on which the general ticket system was based is simply this: that it was deemed material to the power and influence of each State in the Electoral College, that its vote for Presidential candidates should be undivided; whereas under the district system it was possible to divide the vote of any State among the several candidates. But if the interior districts are to be overslaughed by the frauds of cities under the general ticket system, it will be far better to abandon it forever, and thus give to the honest voters an opportunity to be felt in elections for the Presidency. The vote of the State as a unit on the side of corruption is a calamity which outweighs every consideration founded on the pride and power derived from our numerical strength in the Electoral College as compared with that of other States. Division of the vote affords the only possible chance for those who perform their duty with integrity. In some districts in this city all of those who were selected to protect the honest voter and to prevent the reception of illegal votes were obliged, by indications not to be mistaken, to retire and leave the field to the most abandoned politicians. Not only the timid were terrified and the prudent alarmed, but the boldest found that it was impossible to check in any manner the action of those who by intimidation converted the ballot-box into an instrumentality of fraud and plunder.

Inasmuch as the legislative power under our State Constitution is conferred wholly on the Senate and Assembly, and the Governor has no control over it, except so far as bills are concerned, which by the Constitution require his approval or are subjected to his veto, it would seem to be competent for the Legislature *alone* to exercise the power which the Constitution of the United States expressly and in terms confers on the *Legislature* to determine the *manner* in which the State may appoint its electors. The Legislature alone may adopt the district system in lieu of the general ticket system. In States in which the legislative power is conferred on the Senate and Assembly conjointly with the Governor this may be otherwise; but an examination of our State Constitution will show that the power is not conferred in that manner.

So far as the mode of appointment adopted and long practiced by South Carolina is concerned, in reply to the ground that the *State* was to appoint and the *Legislature* was to provide only the manner in which it should do so, and consequently that an appointment of electors by the Legislature is illegal, it may be said that numerous States at the outset adopted the same system, that the vote was counted in the presence of the two Houses of Congress for many successive terms, and that this is hence regarded by many as a practical construction of the Constitution too long acquiesced in to admit of question. But the true remedy is an amendment of the National Constitution, conferring upon Congress authority to fix the time, place, and manner of conducting the election for President and Vice-President, which is substantially the proposition of Senator MORTON.

The theory upon which the original dependence of the General Government upon the several States in this respect was based by the framers of the Constitution is undoubtedly this, that there were *interests* then existing in the particular States of so important a character that it was dangerous then to create a differently constructed central government. The most prominent interest in producing this weakness in the central power was unquestionably that of slavery, the preservation of which was regarded in many States as of greater importance than the Union itself. The complete destruction of this institution leaves no interest of this description remaining. On the contrary, every interest now points to the necessity of a national government capable of preserving its own existence.

In one of the most forcible Numbers of the *Federalist* it is conceded that if a majority of States were to omit the appointment of Senators the Government would be at a stand-still for which there would be no remedy. Secession would have accomplished its work if it could have seduced such a majority into that iniquity. A weakness of structure so apparent should no longer be endured, since the interest which produced it has been eliminated from our system. It is apparent, therefore, that the Constitution should be made to conform to the new situation by imparting to the General Government the power to provide for the election of its chief magistrate, and particularly to punish and prevent the frauds which threaten to secure an odious pre-eminence of the worst citizens.

The Constitution, to be complete, should also provide that if any State fails to elect a Senator the Senators elected by the other States shall have power to constitute the Senate and perform its duties.

In the mean time the State should provide adequate means for investigating the late frauds, with a view to having them expunged, and its true vote declared and announced to Congress. The power conferred by the National Constitution on the Legislature *merely* authorizes such a proceeding in defiance of the Governor's veto; but if it shall be thought that the veto may legally be exercised it will be expedient to expose the Governor to the dilemma of being obliged to protect or to punish those to whom he owes a distinction which commends him to higher honors secured in the same manner.

EDUCATION AND POLITICS.

IN considering last week the terms of the Constitutional Amendment, as adopted by the Senate, which forbade any tests for the suffrage founded upon race, color, nativity, education, or creed, we stated what we supposed to be the reasons which may have induced Senator WILSON to apply the prohibition to education. Since then, however, the House has made short work of the subject. It promptly and peremptorily disagreed to the Amendment, and the Senate decided to compromise by adding to the declaration that color or race or previous condition of servitude shall not disqualify from voting, the words, or holding office. It is very true that where every body votes it is generally superfluous to provide that every body may be voted for. It is one of those things that may be safely left to the general good sense and "the course of affairs." But the proceedings in Georgia show that the superfluity may in this instance quietly remedy an actual difficulty. It will not compel any body to vote for a candidate upon the grounds of color or race, but it will prevent his exclusion from office if he is legally voted for and elected. It is a generally harmless and just now a useful superfluity. Certainly we would not allow this provision to defeat the Amendment, but we can not see why it should.

The Amendment of Mr. BINGHAM indeed has the advantage of that proposed by the Senate, that it will have the hearty support of the great mass of intelligent citizens, and raises no question as to the wisdom of its terms. It permits any State to require an educational qualification; but that of creed is forbidden in the State Constitutions. Whether it be desirable to make the right of suffrage the reward of education as a means of promoting general intelligence may be a question, as we suggested last week; but there can be no question that education is a prime necessity of our condition.

Ignorance is the victim of knavery, and it is ignorance which is the chief source of the corruption of our politics. The ignorance of the Southern laboring class was the capital of the Slavery Lords, and the strength of the rebellion. The ignorance of New York keeps that city flexible in the hands of Tammany. General intelligence is the foe of injustice and the friend of equal rights, and as intelligence increases, the power of passion and prejudice as controlling political forces declines. An educated *class*, when it is also the class which has the exclusive political power, is always mischievous enough. The enemies of human progress have always been the aristocratic classes, and they have always been the technically educated classes. But the engine of their mischief was the ignorance of the other classes which they carefully fostered, and which their superior education enabled them to control. The difficulty is that ignorance blinds men to their own interests; and although technical education does not supply the moral sentiment it does enable men to see the relation between honesty and expediency.

Now it is a mistake to suppose that we are numerically the best-educated people in the world. That is true of parts of the country, not of the whole. At least a seventh of the population is ignorant in the technical sense, and our first and most urgent duty is to extend to the utmost the best system of schools that we have. Hardly less necessary is the duty of keeping them free from every taint of sectarianism and bigotry; and, therefore, the resolute purpose of the Roman church to obtain a separate share of the public school money must be as resolutely resisted. The Roman church is a political party seeking to prevail under the plea of religious immunity. Its claim that a people should be religiously educated is valid, but the sophistry of the argument is the implication that public schools are to be places of religious education for which they are not intended. The real secret of the hostility of the Roman priesthood to unsectarian common schools is the consciousness that the mere contact of children proselytes. The Catholic child sees that there may be every kind of excellence and superiority outside of his church; in a word, that a technical Catholic is no better than one who is not.

Whether we make voting depend upon education or not, we may be very sure that only intelligent voters will give themselves an honest and economical government, and that the only practical way of increasing intelligence is to promote education.

AMNESTY AND PARDON.

THE Judiciary Committee of the Senate has reported without hesitation that the President's Christmas proclamation of full pardon and amnesty to the late rebels was, as we have always supposed, wholly beyond his constitutional power, and it proposes a resolution to that effect. The Committee remark that of the operative words amnesty and pardon, only the latter is found in the Constitution. That instrument permits the President to grant reprieves and pardons, and the significance of those words is well settled. Pardon in English law and precedent, which we follow, relieves a specified person from punishment not already suffered for a specific crime named. It restores nothing already lost, but remits what is yet to be suffered. The power of general pardon by proclamation was not claimed by a British sovereign after the country had a settled constitution, although it was often exercised by Parliament.

Amnesty was an act of oblivion granted by the Government to those who had been guilty of crime. So far as the public was concerned it had the same effect as if the crime had never been committed, and procured a restoration of all rights. It purified blood corrupted by attainder, which a pardon did not, and was granted to whole classes of offenders. It thus affected the crime instead of the criminal, and proceeded from the sovereign power, which in England was the King and Parliament, and in the United States is Congress with the approval of the President, or by a two-thirds vote without his approval. In the British system no power of amnesty or general pardon existed in the King, and our Constitutional Convention of 1787, restraining all royal prerogatives, did not use the word amnesty, and gave the President simply the power to grant reprieves and pardons.

These brief and clear statements of the report can not be successfully controverted, and the resolution is very much more than a form. If the President at any time and at his individual pleasure can issue a general pardon, he can dispense with the laws; and it seems to us that the Attorney-General has been altogether too swift in his action under the proclamation. Moreover, in the present case the whole subject of reconstruction was in the management of Congress, and the country in the elections had approved its general policy. The course of the President was, therefore, evidently but another wanton attempt to make trouble.

THE BRITISH TREATY.

THE opinion of the Foreign Committee of the Senate, and especially of Senators SUMNER, FESSENDEN, and MORTON, should have great weight in the consideration of the British treaty. The Committee, or the Republican members, are unanimously opposed to the ratification. Mr. SUMNER is wholly opposed to it, and by the time that we go to press we may perhaps have his reasons. There is no public man in the country more familiar with the subject of international law, as it is rather absurdly called, and among his great public services the speech upon the *Trent* difficulty will always remain one of the most signal. It was a speech delivered at a moment of unprecedented excitement, when so accomplished and prudent a student of international law as Mr. EVERETT justified the seizure of SLIDELL and MASON, and when our hostility to the rebellion and hatred to England clamored for holding the rebel emissaries at any cost; but Mr. SUMNER by his comprehensive review and masterly statement of the American doctrine and precedent made us not only ready but proud to surrender them. He has a peculiar right to be heard upon this subject, and to be heard with the most respectful attention.

It seems hardly credible, as is now reported, that Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON could have made the concessions which he is said to have made, as that the Commission should meet in London; that the *Alabama* claims must be settled by a unanimous vote, while for the others a majority should be sufficient; and that the *Alabama* arbitrator must be agreed upon by both governments, while in the other cases he should be chosen by lot. This, as is said, was naturally very distasteful to Mr. SEWARD, and he insisted upon a new treaty. It is certainly a favorable fact for the present treaty that Mr. SEWARD approves it, because Anglomania has never one of his tendencies. We should not be surprised if he considered the treaty as proposed a virtual surrender upon the part of England. For what is the real point at issue? Whether England shall pay for the losses arising from rebel privateers fitted out in English ports. That is the question; not whether England shall atone for our commerce destroyed, and own that she did wrong in acknowledging the rebels as belligerents. The only practical way that a government can atone for a commerce destroyed is to pay for specific losses; and the way to ascertain specific losses is to have a Commission of Inquiry.

But the great wrong of England toward us, the moral offense, can not be negotiated away. Only time can deal with that, and we do wrong to insist upon carrying that sense of moral injury into our discussion of the treaty. Of course, if the machinery of the Commission is partial, the treaty should not be ratified; and if we intend a certain settlement "any how," the commission is a farce, and the treaty useless. On the other hand, if we have specific claims for damages for definite material injury, ought we not to be willing to submit them to an impartial tribunal?

It is alleged that the treaty leaves to an umpire the decision of the gravest international question. But to this it may be answered, first, that the umpire is chosen by the Commission or determined by lot from two candidates named by it, and the Commission must be supposed to be composed of those whom we would willingly send to a congress; and, second, that the decision of the question of recognition of rebel maritime belligerency, whether for us or against us, can only seriously affect Great Britain; and in that, as we think, lies the practical surrender of the treaty.

The *Tribune* very truly remarks that the rejection of the treaty will show that "enthusiastic after-dinner speeches are not quite enough to satisfy the American people for the seizure of our hour of distress by professed friends to accomplish the destruction of our commerce." Exactly; but while that is our feeling, is any treaty or settlement possible? The Legislature of Massachusetts has had under consideration a resolution that no treaty ought to be ratified which does not by its terms concede the liability of England. If that should be made indispensable, and we should refuse the offer to concede that liability indirectly, the question will merely remain open.

SUBMISSION OF THE STATE CONSTITUTION.

THE Senate of New York has voted to submit the new Constitution to the people at the next annual election, and the Assembly will probably concur. It has further voted to submit it in four articles: the suffrage; the judiciary; the taxation; and the rest in one group. If any of the three specified articles are rejected, the provisions of the present Constitution will remain. The suffrage article establishes political equality among the male inhabitants of the State; the judiciary article will be undoubtedly accepted by the profession as a great improvement upon the present one; and the article upon taxation, among other sections, provides that there shall be a uniform rule for the taxation of real and personal property.

The proposed Constitution, like the present one, provides for the submission to the people every twenty years of the question whether there shall be a Convention for constitutional revision. This proposition was adopted without debate, but it is a very foolish one. How would it do to have a Convention every twenty years to overhaul the Constitution of the United States? The simple and obvious method would seem to be to amend the portions of a fundamental law that are found defective and not to remodel the whole. In a Convention for the purpose there is either a zeal to reform every thing or a reluctance to reform any thing. In the late Convention in this State Mr. LAPHAM of Canandaigua proposed immediately after the organization to take up the present Constitution and to go through it regularly in Convention, changing only what by common consent needed change. This plan was suggested as a means of saving time, but the result would probably have been an equal delay, without the previous question which the Convention was unwilling to adopt in its early stages. Each general subject was therefore referred to a Committee, and each Committee reported an article. The changes that were made are probably improvements; but the substantial one of the equalization of the suffrage could have been presented in the manner already provided.

LET THE PEOPLE ELECT THE PRESIDENT.

IN another article we have considered the defects of the present system of electing a President. The general views there expressed are confirmed by a careful paper by Mr. CHARLES F. ADAMS, read at the late meeting of the Social Science Association at Albany. The electoral machinery provided by the Constitution has, in his opinion, failed. The successful candidate in the late election received a majority of five per cent. in the popular vote, and of forty-four per cent. in the electoral colleges. A change of less than 30,000 votes in seven States would have made Mr. SEYMOUR the President, while General GRANT would still have received a popular majority of 280,000 votes.

Such a fact is conclusive of two things: one, that the present system in a very possible emergency will defeat the will of the people in the choice of President; and the other, that, as we elsewhere show, it stimulates fraud in places where a few votes may nullify a great many in other places. It was well known to be the hope and intention of the Democratic managers possibly to decide the late national, certainly to decide the State election, in the city of New York. The famous message sent into the rural districts to state virtually how many votes they wanted was the natural result of the present system. As Mr. ADAMS truly says, it remains to be seen how long the voters of Illinois, Ohio, and Massachusetts, rolling up useless majorities by scores of thousands, will stand with folded arms and calmly watch the workings of a system under which one vote in the Sixth Ward of New York may outweigh fifty votes within their own borders.

The present system has no advantage whatever, and is full of plain perils. It was the suggestion not of State rights, in any honorable sense, but of State jealousies. It is a cumbrous and absurd impediment to the smooth and simple course of the Government, being a contrivance by which, when there are but two candidates, the will of the minority of the voters may prevail. The district election is an improvement upon election by general State ticket, but the best and simplest plan is the abolition of the clumsy electoral machinery, and the direct popular vote for President.

THE GOVERNOR'S VETOES.

IN resisting special legislation in cases which should be determined by general laws Governor HOFFMAN is doing a public service. One of the serious evils of our legislation, both because of the opportunities of fraud in themselves and of the delay of really important business, is the deluge of private bills. Every man and section has an axe to grind, and it is not the business of the State to stop for each case. We observe with pleasure the distinction made by the Governor. There are vitally important cases which no general law can cover, and for the best of reasons. When these are presented in any form we hope that it may be our pleasing duty still more to commend the Governor

THE WAR IN PARAGUAY.

THE war in Paraguay seems near its end; and we trust that the power of LOPEZ is so wholly broken that the Allies will dictate terms which shall practically complete its destruction. The tyrannical will of one man has secluded that country from all the influences of civilization; and when his offenses properly gave occasion for the interference of foreigners, it was sincerely to be wished that he would persist to his own overthrow, which we presume is practically the case. Whether LOPEZ has escaped into the interior or will cross the ocean to Europe, as other South American tyrants have done, is of little importance, provided the settlement of the country by the Allies be made firm and secure. It is certainly of the best augury for South America that the same year which witnesses the Presidency of SARMIENTO near the mouth of the Plata should also behold the fall of the ferocious Dictatorship of LOPEZ upon its upper waters.

LITERARY.

THE HARPERS have just published several interesting and valuable books. Among them is "China and the Chinese," by the Rev. JOHN L. NEVIUS, for ten years a missionary in that country. It is a manual of China, describing not only the manners and customs, but the religion, philosophy, and moral and charitable systems of the nation, with chapters upon the missionary life and work in China. It is written with sympathy and good feeling, and is a very timely and convenient book, now that our relations are to become more intimate with the flowery foreigners.

Another of the late issues of the HARPERS is "Her Majesty's Tower," by WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON, a skillful grouping of the events and persons in English History that are especially associated with the Tower "the most ancient and poetic pile in Europe." It is a striking glimpse of the long tragedy of history, that tragedy which almost seems to justify SWIFT'S cynical satire, and CARLYLE'S scornful sadness and impatience. The book of Mr. DIXON'S will be found peculiarly interesting, and quite invaluable to those who are going to London.

Since Alaska is now part of us it is well to know something of that extremity of ourselves, and Mr. FREDERICK WHYMPER'S "Travel and Adventure in the Territory of Alaska," republished by the HARPERS, gives us that knowledge. Mr. WHYMPER sailed from "peaceful, sleepy Dartmouth" for Vancouver Island *via* the Horn, and reaching Alaska he proceeds to describe the country and its history and inhabitants in a lively and entertaining strain. The novelty of the subject and the extent of the voyage, for the traveler ascended the Yukon River, with his good humor and his vigilant eye make his book capital reading.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S last novel, "He knew he was Right," Part I., is also just issued by the HARPERS, and is one of his most characteristic tales. The same fidelity to nature, the same quiet shrewdness, the same interesting plot which distinguish his other novels, will be found in this by his army of readers, who will not like it the less that it is printed in clear type and on excellent paper, and costs only thirty cents.

Our readers will not forget that the second volume of Dr. BELLOWS'S book of travel, "The Old World in its New Face," is now published—a book which delightfully refreshes the remembrance of the grand tour, and adds the result of the observation of a most shrewd and intelligent observer. When MONTAIGNE went into Italy he stopped at every castle to pay his respects to its lord. In like manner the Doctor pays his respects to the most conspicuous contemporary movements and persons in Europe; and although his work is necessarily desultory, it is vivid and entertaining.

The picture elsewhere in this paper of Mr. DU CHAILLU lecturing to the young folks reminds us that the HARPERS have published his permanent lecture to them in his "Wild Life under the Equator," of which the title tells the story.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 15:

In the House, the Senate amendments to the joint resolution relative to suffrage were non-concurred in.

February 16:

In the Senate, a bill was passed granting lands to aid in the construction of the Green Bay and Lake Michigan Railroad; also a bill authorizing the transfer of lands from the Union Pacific to the Denver City Railway Company.

In the House, the Internal Revenue bill was passed.

February 17:

In the Senate, the report of the Conference Committee on the Navy bill was agreed to; the report proposes a large reduction in the naval force and in the Marine Corps.—The Committee on Public Buildings reported against purchasing a new site for the Executive Mansion.—A resolution was adopted directing the Attorney-General to furnish a list of the names of persons convicted of violating the revenue laws, the penalties attached to such convictions, and the number of pardons issued to such offenders.

In the House, the Committee on Elections submitted a report and resolution declaring that neither Scott, Menard, nor Hunt are entitled to the seat of the Second Louisiana District. The report was laid on the table.—The Bill supplementary to the National Bank laws was amended in several of its sections, and then laid on the table, 92 to 78.

February 18:

In the Senate, the House bill regulating the franking privilege was agreed to. An amendment, abolishing the franking privilege entirely after the first of July, was then adopted, after which the bill was rejected and the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the bill supplementary to the National Banking laws was taken up, and the vote laying the bill on the table was reconsidered. After an animated debate on general amendments offered, the bill was recommitted to the Banking Committee, with instructions to report back forthwith the first three sections of the bill, and Mr. Coburn's amendment as the fourth section, and it was agreed to without division. The bill was forthwith reported back, and as thus amended was passed by a vote of 106 yeas to 77 nays.—At the evening session debate on the Army Appropriation bill was resumed. An amendment, offered by Mr. Dodge, was agreed to. It reduces the number of infantry regiments to thirty, and consolidates the ordnance and artillery corps and several of the staff departments.

February 19:

In the House, Mr. Blaine's amendment to the Army Appropriation bill was adopted: it contemplates the reduction of the army to twenty regiments of infantry, five of cavalry, and five of artillery, and provides that no appointments to the staff departments shall be made until further action of Congress. The amendments reducing appropriations for special purposes were agreed to, and the bill then passed.—The Committee of Conference on the bill to reduce the Navy and the Marine Corps submitted a report, which was agreed to. It provides for a gradual reduction of these corps by absorption.

February 20:

In the House, the Suffrage Amendment was considered. Mr. Bingham offered an amendment—one hitherto passed by the Senate 40 to 16—which declares that the right of citizens of the United States to vote and hold office shall not be denied or abridged by any State on account of race, color, nativity, property, creed, or previous condition of servitude. This amendment was agreed to 140 to 38.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Syracuse charter election resulted in a decided Republican triumph.

The Kiowa Indians have all come into the reservation at the Washita Mountains, in accordance with the demands of General Sheridan. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes are marching to the same point, and it is expected that these three belligerent tribes will speedily be peacefully located on the lands set apart for them.

Dr. J. Sims has been lecturing to large audiences in this city. His lectures are scientific and relate to medicine. They have awakened great interest. Dr. Sims makes a lecturing tour West this spring.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Constitutional Cortes of Spain have requested Prime Minister Serrano to rearrange the Cabinet. The Minister of the Colonies has issued a decree establishing a uniform system of jurisprudence, abolishing ecclesiastical courts, and making several other important reforms. An unsuccessful attempt was made on February 16 to assassinate General Prim. The Duke de Montpensier has been permitted to return to Spain as a private.

Late advices from Cuba indicate that the insurrection is rapidly spreading throughout the island. Havana itself is practically in a state of siege, although not officially declared so. Wherever the standard of revolt is raised the insurrectionists are joined by large numbers of recruits. Those who do not join the rebels are forced to abandon their labors and seek safety within the Government strong-holds. Many plantations have been entirely deserted by both owners and employés, and crops are spoiling for want of care.

The new British Parliament was formally opened February 16. The Queen, in her speech, congratulates the country on the reign of peace; hopes that the friendship which ought to exist between the United States and Great Britain may be established on a firm basis; and augurs well for the economy and efficiency of her new administration.

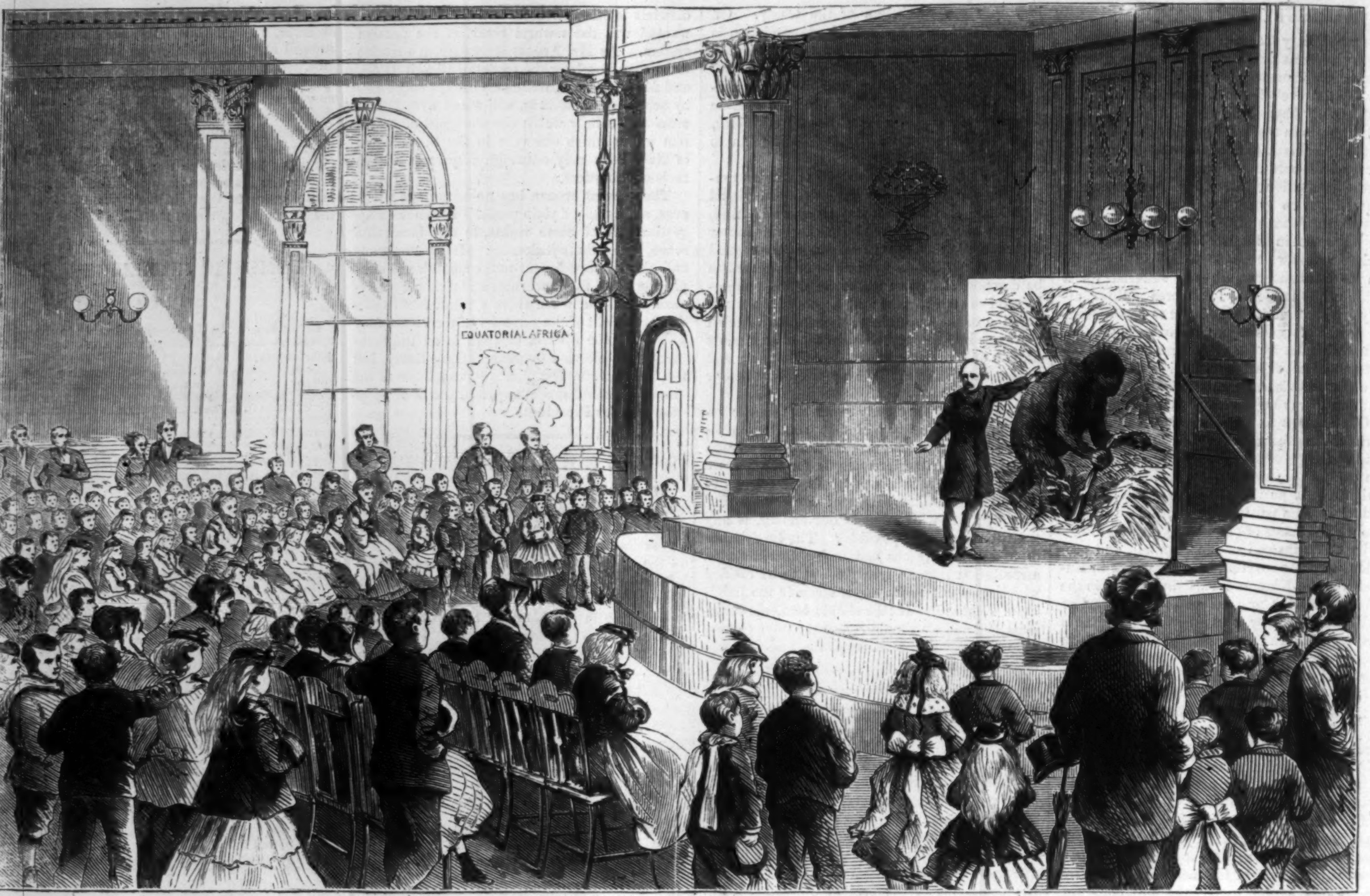
The reported evacuation of Asuncion by the Paraguayan army, and subsequent flight of President Lopez, is confirmed by later advices from Rio Janeiro.

Public meetings of a somewhat extraordinary nature have recently been held in France, at which sentiments have been expressed in favor of the abolition of all religion and order, and of the ruling dynasty. The Emperor has consequently abolished the privilege of the people to assemble in public meetings.

A dreadful disaster occurred recently on board the Austrian frigate *Radetsky* in the Adriatic. An explosion took place in the powder magazine, completely blowing up the ship and killing nearly all the officers and crew.

The Mikado of Japan retains ex-Lieutenant Grinnell, an American, as Chief of his Naval Bureau, and has appointed General Paul Frank, an American officer, General-in-Chief of the Japanese army, at a salary of $12,000 a year.

Mr. Daniel A. Lange, English representative of the Suez Canal Company, advertises officially that the Canal will be opened to general navigation on October 1 of this year. Its width will then be 74 feet at bottom, 327 feet at top, and its depth 26 feet.



MR. PAUL DU CHAILLU LECTURING TO THE YOUNG FOLKS OF BOSTON.

DU CHAILLU'S LECTURES FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Mr. Du Chaillu—the celebrated African explorer—has, at least so far as young folks are concerned, taken the front rank among our popular lecturers. His series of three lectures recently delivered in the Horticultural Hall at Boston were attended by thousands of young people, and were a remarkable success. Mr. Du Chaillu is peculiarly well fitted for a popular lecturer. In the first place he has something to say, and what he says is new. He adds to the stock of human information. His style is inimitable. Interesting as are his printed works, as compared with those of other travelers, his lectures, delivered as he delivers them, are still more interesting.

We give on this page an illustration showing this famous traveler as he appeared when addressing his youthful auditors in Boston. "It is saying but little," says the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, "to state that the lecturer was successful in his efforts to interest his eager auditors. There has not for many years been a lecturer who so completely delighted his audience; and both old and young were equally interested and instructed. Du Chaillu has the happy faculty of living over again in speech the adventures of his career as a traveler; he became so absorbed in his relation of hunting wild beasts that there was no one in the hall who did not catch his enthusiasm. It was very interesting to see the hundreds of boys and girls who sat before him leaning forward, with half-open mouths and sparkling eyes, as he unfolded his large cartoons and depicted the scenes that they portrayed."

The subjects of these lectures related to the animals, vegetation, villages, and people of the interior of Africa. We understand that the interest excited by them will lead to the establishment of a "Young Folks' Lyceum" at Boston. We have not space to give any detailed report of Mr. Du Chaillu's lectures; but, as he will probably be invited to deliver them in all our large cities, we advise all our young readers to hear them for themselves, and also to read his charming books, "The Ashango Land," "The Gorilla Country," and "Wild Life under the Equator." Mr. Du Chaillu's lecture on "Races and Types of Mankind" has been highly appreciated by our most learned *savans*.

GRAND MASQUERADE CARNIVAL AT THE SKATING RINK, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.—Sketched by J. P. Hoffman.—[See Page 151.]

A VELOCIPEDE OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

A VELOCIPEDE OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

THE velocipede, which is just at this moment so popular in New York, was brought to the city just *fifty years* ago! It was supposed to be the invention of a German nobleman, Baron CHARLES DE DRAIS, who used it while performing his official duties as master of the woods and forests belonging to the Grand-Duke of Baden. They were for a long time called the Drasina, from the inventor; and on their introduction into England, at the beginning of the present century, the greatest possible expectations were created with regard to their usefulness and speed. The nature and properties of the machine were thus set forth: 1. That on a well maintained post-road they would travel up a hill as fast as a man could walk. 2. On a plain, even after a heavy rain, they would go six or seven miles an hour. 3. When the roads were dry and firm they would run on a plain at the rate of eight miles an hour. 4. On a descent they would equal a horse at full speed. By examining our illustration, which is taken from a picture published by ACKERMAN of London in 1819, it will be perceived that it is precisely the same thing we now call the velocipede, except in the crank or "treadle." The English called these machines "Hobby-horses" and "Dandy Horses;" they were introduced into this city under the first-mentioned name. They were described in advertisements of the day as "consisting of two wheels, one behind the other, connected by a perch, on which a saddle is placed as a seat. The front wheel is made to turn on a pivot guided by a curved lever or rudder, which comes up to the hands; the fore-arms *rest on a cushion in front*, in this position, both hands holding the rudder firmly, the machine and traveler are preserved in equilibrio."

The sporting gentry of England for a while cultivated the velocipede; but Lord GEORGE BENTINCK and persons of his style finally pronounced against them, and they soon descended to the vulgar level of playthings for young people, and ceased to be regarded in any other light than a toy or hobby. While the fever did last a shoemaker of London made some money by the manufacture of a strong shoe with a bit of iron at the toe, which greatly aided the feet of the "velocipeders" as they went over the ground.

On their introduction into New York our excitable citizens went into an ecstasy of astonishment and delight. The manufacturers for a time could not apparently meet the demand. Very desperate persons at nightfall used to run them up the Bowery to Vauxhall Garden, and other more desperate people ventured on them down the hill that led from the head of Chatham Street to the City Hall Park. There was a place opened for their exhibition somewhere near Bowling Green; but in the highest point of the fever it was terribly broken by a *wet blanket*, the application of which is thus detailed in the *Ladies' Literary Cabinet*, a weekly paper now lying before us, published corner of Chatham and Duane streets, by WOODWORTH & HUESTES, on Saturday, August 9, 1819:

"VELOCIPEDE HOAX.—Some mischievous wag on Saturday last caused printed hand-bills to be distributed announcing that on Monday at 5 o'clock precisely a velocipede would start from the head of Chatham Square, and proceed to St. Paul's Church in less than two minutes, and that it would afterward be exhibited in the Park, etc. Notwithstanding the rain on Monday the people began to collect at an early hour, so that before 5 o'clock Chatham Street was literally crowded from one end to the other. Every window from the basement to the attic was thrown open, and filled with the beautiful heads of ladies and children, exposed to an incessant searching mist, which robbed their lovely tresses of every curl which the morning's industry had created. But female fortitude and curiosity combined are not to be shaken by winds or weather. For more than an hour did the throng continue to increase, until it was almost impossible to pass the street with or without a velocipede. In the mean time the Park was also crowded, and the City Hall exhibited the appearance of a gala-day. It is needless to say that no velocipede appeared."

In the same publication of the preceding week we find the following interesting account of a newly-invented velocipede for ladies, then building by "a distinguished artist:"

"It is to have beams, or bodies on springs, and four wheels which will insure its safety. It is to quarter on the road like other carriages, and with four *impellers*, it is supposed that it will proceed with astonishing rapidity; but its peculiar recommendation is to be the conveyance of two ladies and two *impellers*, at the rate of six miles an hour."

We are at a loss to know what the "distinguished artist manufacturer" meant by *impellers*, unless the modern treadle, which is probably the case.

The velocipede mania of 1819 soon died out in New York, and the people who had purchased machines at high prices sold them much less than cost, or gave them away as playthings for grown-up boys. Time must decide whether history is to repeat itself with regard to the present velocipede mania. At present, however, there seems to be no danger of any diminution in the interest taken in this curious machine, of which a single agency in this city has prepared seventy patents for improvements!

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MY INSTRUCTIONS.

MY friend did not keep his self-made appointment with me at breakfast, nor did I see him for two days, when we met in the street. "I have gone over to the enemy," said he, "I have taken an engagement with Bettmeyer: six thousand florins and all expenses—silver florins, mon cher; and if you're wise," added he, in a whisper, "you'll follow my lead. Shall I say a word for you?" I thanked him coldly, and declined the offer.

"All right, stick to gratitude, and you'll see where it will land you," said he, gayly. "I've sent you half a dozen letters to friends of mine up yonder," and he pointed toward the North. "You'll find Hunyadi an excellent fellow, and the countess charming; don't make love to her, though, for Tassilo is a regular Othello. As for the Erdödis, I only wish I was going there instead of you—such pheasants, such women, such Tokay, their own vintage. Once you're down in Transylvania, write me word whom you'd like to know. They're all dear friends of mine. By-the-way, don't make any blunder about that Hunyadi contract. The people here will want you to break it—don't on any account. It's the finest bargain ever was made; splendid timber, magnificent bark, and the cuttings alone worth all the money." He rattled out this with his own headlong speed, and was gone before I well knew I had seen him. That evening I was ordered to Herr Oppovich's house to receive my last instructions. The old man was asleep on a sofa as I entered, and Sara seated at a table by the fire, deeply engaged in accounts.

"Sit down, Herr Owen"—she had given up calling me Von Owen—"and I will speak to you in a minute."

I was not impatient at the delay, for I had time to gaze at her silken hair, and her faultless profile, and the beautiful outline of her figure, as, leaning her head on her hand, she bent over the table.

"I can not make this come right—are you clever at figures?" asked she.

"I can not say it is my gift, but I will do my best to aid you." And now we were seated side by side, poring over the same page, and as she had placed one taper finger next the column of figures I did so likewise, thinking far less of the arithmetic than of the chance of touching her hand with mine.

"These figures are somewhat confusing," she said. "Let us begin at the top—fourteen hundred and six hundred make two thousand, and twelve hundred, three thousand two hundred—now is this a seven or a three?"

"I'd say a three."

"I've called it a seven, because M. Marsac usually writes his sevens in this way."

"These are De Marsac's, then?" asked I.

"And why 'De,' may I ask?" said she, quickly; "why not Marsac, as I called him?"

"I took his name as he gave it me."

"You know him, then? Oh, I had forgotten—he called on you the night he came. Have you seen him since?"

"Only passingly, in the street."

"Had he time to tell you that he has been dismissed?"

"Yes, he said he was now in Mr. Bettmeyer's office."

"Shall I tell you why?" she stopped, and her cheek became crimson, while her eyes sparkled with an angry fire that actually startled me; "but let us finish this. Where were we?" she now leaned her head down upon her hands, and seemed overcome by her emotion. When she looked up again her face was perfectly pale, and her eyes sad and weariful. "I am afraid we shall wake him," said she, looking toward her father; "come into this room here. So this man has been talking of us?" cried she, as soon as we had passed into the adjoining room. "Has he told you how he has requited all my father's kindness? how he has repaid his trustfulness and faith in him? Speak freely if you wish me to regard you as a friend."

"I would that you might, Fräulein. There is no name I would do so much to win."

"But you are a gentleman, and with noble blood. Could you stoop to be the friend of"—here she hesitated, and, after an effort, added, "a Jew?"

"Try me, prove me," said I, stooping till my lips touched her hand.

She did not withdraw her hand, but left it in mine, as I pressed it again and again to my lips.

"He told you, then," said she, in a half whisper, "that our house was on the brink of ruin; that in a few weeks, or even less, my father would not face the exchange—did he not say this?"

"I will tell you all," said I; "for I know you will forgive me when I repeat what will offend you to hear, but what it is safer you should hear." And, in the fewest words I could, I related what Marsac had told me of the house and its difficulties. When I came to that part which represented Oppovich as the mere agent of the great Parisian banker—whose name I was not quite sure of—I faltered and hesitated.

"Go on," said she, gently. "He told you that Baron Nathanheimer was about to withdraw his protection from us?"

I slightly bent my head in affirmation.

"But did he say why?"

"Something there was of rash enterprise, of speculation unauthorized—of—"

"Of an old man with failing faculties," said she, in the same low tone; "and of a young girl, little versed in business, but self-confident and presumptuous enough to think herself equal to supply his place. I have no doubt he was very frank on this head. He wrote to Baron Elias, who sent me his letter—the letter he wrote of us while eating our bread. It was not handsome of him—was it, Sir?"

I can give no idea, not the faintest, of the way she said these few words, nor of the ineffable scorn of her look, while her voice remained calm and gentle as ever.

"No. It was not handsome."

She nodded to me to proceed, and I continued:

"I have told you nearly every thing; for of himself and his boastfulness—"

"Oh! do not tell me of that. I am in no laughing mood, and I would not like to hear of it. What did he say of the Hunyadi affair?"

"Nothing, or next to nothing. He offered me letters of introduction to Count Hunyadi; but beyond that there was no mention of him."

She arose as I said this, and walked slowly up and down the room. I saw she was deep in thought, and was careful not to disturb or distract her. At last she opened a writing-desk, and took out a roll of papers fastened by a tape.

"These," said she, "you will take with you, and carefully read over. They are the records of a transaction that is now involving us in great trouble, and which may prove more than trouble. M. Marsac has been induced—how we shall not stop to inquire—to contract for the purchase of an extensive wood belonging to Graf Hunyadi; the price, half a million of francs. We delayed to ratify an agreement of such moment until more fully assured of the value of the timber; and, while we deliberated on the choice of the person to send down to Hungary, we have received from our correspondent at Vienna certain bills for acceptance in payment of this purchase. You follow me, don't you?"

"Yes. As I understand it, the bargain was assumed to be ratified?"

"Just so."

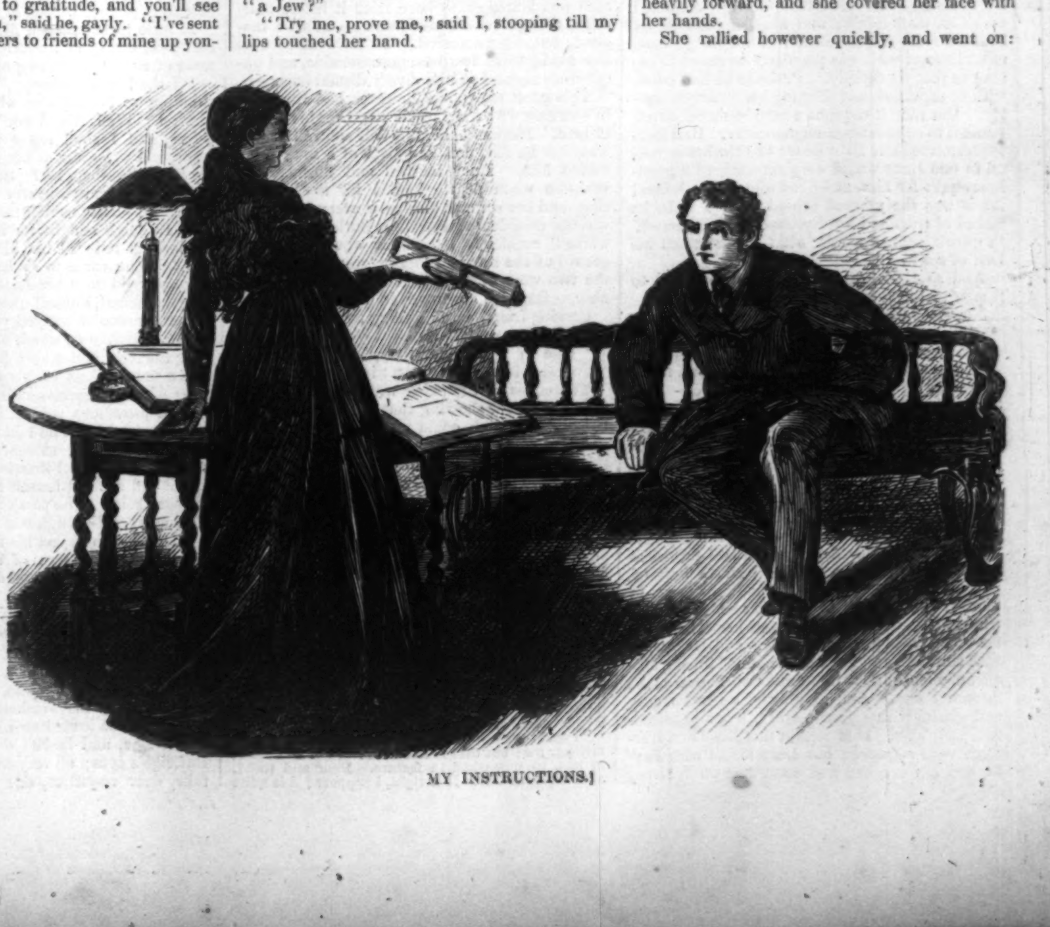
She paused; and, after a slight struggle with herself, went on:

"The contract, legally drawn up and complete in every way, *was* signed; not, however, by my father, but by my brother. You have heard, perhaps, that I have a brother. Bad companionship, and a yielding disposition, have led him into evil, and for some years we have not seen him. Much misfortune has befallen him; but none greater, perhaps, than his meeting with Marsac; for, though Adolf has done many things, he would not have gone thus far without the promptings of this bad man."

"Was it his own name he wrote?" asked I.

"No. It was my father's!" and she faltered at the word; and as she spoke it her head fell heavily forward, and she covered her face with her hands.

She rallied however quickly, and went on:



MY INSTRUCTIONS.]

"We now know that the timber is not worth one-fourth of this large sum. Baron Elias himself has seen it, and declares that we have been duped or—worse. He insists that we rescind the contract, or accept all its consequences. The one is hopeless—the other ruin. Meanwhile, the Baron suspends farther relations with us, and heavy acceptances of ours will soon press for payment. I must not go into this," said she, hurriedly. "You are very young to charge with such a mission; but I have great faith in your loyalty. You will not wrong our trust?"

"That I will not."

"You will go to Graf Hunyadi, and speak with him. If he be—as many of his countrymen are—a man of high and generous feeling, he will not bring ruin upon us, when our only alternative would be to denounce our own. You are very young; but you have habits of the world and society. Nay—I am not seeking to learn a secret; but you know enough to make you companionable and acceptable, where any others in our employ would be inadmissible. At all events, you will soon see the sort of man we have to deal with, and you will report to me at once."

"I am not to tell him how this signature has been obtained?" asked I, awaiting the reply.

"That would be to denounce the contract at once!" cried she, as though this thought had for the first time struck her. "You know the penalty of a forgery here? It is the galleys for life. He must be saved at all events. Don't you see," cried she, eagerly, "I can give you no instructions! I have none to give. When I say, I trust you—I have told you all."

"Has Herr Ignaz not said how he would wish me to act?"

"My father knows nothing of it all! Nothing! You have seen him, and you know how little he is able now to cope with a difficulty. The very sense that his faculties are not what they were overcomes him, even to tears."

Up to this she had spoken with a calm firmness that had lent a touch of almost sternness to her manner, but at the mention of her poor father's condition her courage gave way, and she turned away and hid her face, but her convulsed shoulders showed how her emotion was overcoming her. I went toward her, and took her hand in both my own. She left it to me while I kissed it again and again.

"Oh, Sara," I whispered rather than spoke, "if you knew how devoted I am to you, if you knew how willingly I would give my very life for you, you would not think yourself friendless at this hour. Your trust in me has made me forget how lonely I am, and how humble—to forget all that separates us, even to telling that I love you. Give me one word—only one—of hope; or, if not that, let your dear hand but close on mine, and I am yours forever."

She never spoke, however, and her cold fingers returned no pressure to mine.

"I love you; I love you!" I muttered, as I covered her hand with kisses.

"There! Do you not hear?" cried she, suddenly. "My father is calling me."

"Sara, Sara! Where is Sara?" cried the old man, in a weak, reedy voice.

"I am coming, dear father," said she. "Good-by, Digby; remember that I trust you!"

She waved me a farewell, and, with a faint, sad smile, she moved away. As she reached the door, however, she turned, and, with a look of kindly meaning, said, "Trust you in all things!"

I sprang forward to clasp her to my heart, but the door closed on her, and I was alone!

TOO HARD ON THE LINE.

On a certain pleasant morning Burleigh came down into Hesperia's drawing-room with a sober face. He was not a jealous man, but to have one's fiancée impudently flirting under one's very nose demands some course of action, if a man is not quite a spoon. The ladies already condoled with him maliciously; and whether the ring on Frank Fayal's chain was or was not Lucy's mattered little, since it was popularly supposed to belong to that young lady. Patience he had tried, with an expectation of shaming her by magnanimity. But then it requires a certain moral development to comprehend magnanimity. Had Burleigh stormed like Blue Beard and Rochester rolled in one Lucy would have experienced a genuine respect for him, and liked him all the better! As it was she yawned behind her fan when he talked of trust and loyalty, and indulged herself in growing contempt for what she esteemed his lack of spirit.

And so Burleigh came down determined to reason with her.

Now to have loved her was bad enough for a sensible man like Burleigh. To have been magnanimous with her was worse. But to reason with her was worst of all. Preposterous folly! A genuine throwing away of pearls before— Oh, I am not going to say what you have in your mind. And I only mean the "jewel of gold in the swine's snout," to which Solomon likens "the fair woman without discretion."

As usual, before breakfast Lucy sat in Flirtation Nook. So Hesperia had dubbed it, and her frolicsome guests took care to make the title good. It was, in fact, only a bay-window curtained off from the drawing-room and furnished with a fauteuil, a flower-stand, and a bust of Psyche. But what had not that Psyche seen in those few short weeks! Hesperia had there that winter, besides what she termed her "miscellanies," her madcap cousins Lucy and Dot, who, with Burleigh and Fayal, had entered into an alliance of offense and defense, and were known as the Square Party. And they flirted so enormously and glaringly that people said it was a matrimonial party also. It is certain that Lucy and Burleigh were engaged; but Lucy flirted with Fayal, and Dot laughed and was sweet on Whitney Gilbert, known as the Bait in Hesperia's circle, because of his millions. Who can tell how matters stood in those days? It is enough for us to know that Burleigh found Lucy in Flirtation Nook.

If my reader is clever in drawing conclusions, she—I say "she" for I know that *he* won't read me—she has already concluded that I am not at all in love with my heroine, and is quite right in so deciding. At my time of life hearts and heads are tough alike; and I have learned what we all learn by the time we are fifty or sixty, and the lesson is of no particular use to us—not to rely on my eyes! Old fellows like me arrive at a horrible spirit of analysis. The blue or the brown of an eye is only so much coloring matter; ivory white or clear *brune*—it is but skin after all, that will one day wrinkle. Lovely outlines are only so much muscle, nitrogen, sulphur, what not? Show us something worthier of affection, we say, than muscle and coloring—both so perishable!

But men of Burleigh's age!—ah, to him Lucy's pink cheeks and fair, white throat were innocence! Under her broad, smooth forehead could lurk no guile. Her soft blue eyes bewildered him. A touch of the long, golden tress hanging over her shoulder sent the blood whirling through his veins. Fresh and young, sitting there in her white frills and ruffles, she was immortal youth and beauty, smiling saucy defiance at the snows outside and their analogies. And, vanquished at first sight, Burleigh bent over her to be pettishly pushed away.

"No; you shall not kiss me," said Lucy, pouting. "Last night you were like an ogre or a bear; and I don't like bears, Burleigh."

This brought Burleigh back to his intention of trying reason.

"Neither do I like coquettes," he replied, sitting down by her and looking at her fondly. "They are more mischievous than bears, Lucy."

"Yes; the old story. You are jealous. A woman must not use her eyes with you. I think you are a Turk at heart, Sir; and, if you could have your way, I should peep out at life from behind a lattice," cries Miss Lucy, tossing her head, "and never step out unless enveloped in a yashmac."

"I am pained when people shrug their shoulders and sneer at you," replied Burleigh, with rising irritation, "and indignant when you place me in the ridiculous position of a man whom society expects to be jealous. If that has any connection with lattices and yashmacs I admit that I am a Turk."

"Just as I said! Poor Frank and I exchange a dozen words, and you look daggers for the rest of the evening. You don't dance, and he is the best partner in the room, and you are indignant because—"

"No," interrupted Burleigh, eagerly. "I could not be jealous of you in this degrading fashion. I only wish you to ask yourself seriously—"

"But I do not wish to ask myself any thing seriously;" for, knowing that she has the worst of the argument, Lucy intrenches herself in a double childishness. "I know nothing about reasoning and considering."

"But duty—"

"I hate duty. I always did. You make me feel as if this world was a great Sunday-school, and our business in life was to say the Catechism. And ever since we have been engaged I have been preached at till I am as scared as Fatima. And I am miserable!"

"In that case," answered Burleigh, turning very pale and rising—

"We had better consider our engagement at an end," said Lucy, quickly. "I quite agree with you," pulling off a ring. "There, Sir! and now I hope I may look in what direction I choose;" and with a sweeping reverence Lucy took her frills away to breakfast.

Natural result of trying to reason with a thoroughly unreasonable being; and a very lucky man was Burleigh to have tried it before marriage, though he did not think so at that moment, but sat astounded. To have discovered that his idol was heartless, unreasonable, and ungenerous seemed to him a very dismal business.

This great advantage, however, had Burleigh, in common with most of his sex, over his disloyal love. He was habitually self-controlled, and whatever he felt, not the quiver of a muscle betrayed him. Lucy blushed and flushed with vexation when people looked for her missing ring, and her spite at him grew every day. Dot was her confidante; and while Burleigh rode and walked, recklessly indifferent where, trying to get rid of the sense of loss tugging at his heart, the two were closeted together devising vengeance. Burleigh never was in greater danger.

Coming from one of his long tramps, Burleigh found a letter on his table.

"One of your letters, Sir," explained Jim. "Found it in sweeping out, Sir."

The edges of the paper were eaten with fire, and discolored, showing that it had been in the flames. Burleigh could not remember that he had burned letters; but Jim had declared that this was his letter, and, with that touching faith that we are all apt to place in positive assertions, he opened it, and read:

"My Dear Friend,—I am, you say, to describe my life here—my inner life; to omit no details, but to set all down faithfully. But of what life would you have me speak? Of the hour at which we dine, and the gowns I wear? Unless a life may consist in pulling up by the root every feeling and impulse I have no other. Hesperia is kind to me; it is her nature, and I am her cousin. Nobody here is uncivil. Her guests are ladies and gentlemen. And yet I never was sadder! I must say it out: I am restless and dissatisfied. I am a stone in every body's eyes; and I can not lie quietly, and bear the everyday wear and tear, like other stones, because I have the longing, and I know I have the power to become a statue of beauty, if some one would but find it out in me.

"I said they were civil. So they are, when they remember me; but that is not often. I am so neutral in tint, so unmarked in feature. Poor and timid, and not beautiful! It is right, I suppose; it is quite natural. Yet I am filled with a devouring envy and jealousy. I *could* talk; and I listen in silence to the feeble chatter that these feeble belles offer for conversation. I am like the ugly princess of the fairy tales, with this spell laid upon me that I can never attract or shine unless I am first sure that love is my listener. And, sitting in my deep loneliness, I see women guarded by the reverent love and admiration of men whom they can not even comprehend, and receiving such protection and admiration as a right.

"In right of what, I wonder? Is it a trick of red and white in the cheek, a coquettish air, a well-cut nose, a flounce and a train that alone may rightly claim such homage? I speak peevishly, but love is a woman's crown, and till she enters on the empire of some heart she is always the wandering and dissatisfied princess. And I rebel against the flimsy barriers between me and my inheritance. Why, then, you say, struggle for your portion of life's good; the world belongs to him who takes it; refuse to sit a colorless and soundless shadow, and accept universal neglect. Brave words, my dear, brave words! I sometimes tell myself as much. But there is the habit of being forgotten; and a base dread that I have of these very belles whom I despise, and of the laughing eyes with which they would regard the Old Maid who is trying to shine in society. The struggle is too unequal. It is easier to crochet in silence in the corner. I rebel, but I submit. I complain, and yet if there is ever an opening in the talk for me I shrink away, and let the chance go by; and no doubt I shall always sign myself,

"Yours, faithfully,

"Alice Ainsleigh."

This remarkable letter was indorsed in the same hand in which it was written, "sentimental and feeble-minded scrawl," and had evidently been thrown in the fire. As evidently it had never been addressed to Burleigh. By what chance it had been rescued and found its way to him was of course a mystery. There was a Miss Ainsleigh, but Burleigh could not recall a feature of her face; partly because, till the last few days, he had been under the impression that Lucy filled all the places and did all the conversation. Now, on reading her letter, he felt some such curiosity concerning Miss Ainsleigh as you would about the six stone steps up which you walk every day, if you had just learned that the Koh-i-noor was imbedded in one of them.

Quite unconscious of his interest, Miss Ainsleigh sat in a corner, with her crochet, very much as the letter had said. She was a delicate woman, who would by no means have looked her twenty-eight years if it had not been for the extreme gravity of her face. Her mouth was small but reserved and unsmiling. Her eyes were gray, very soft, and very dark. Her reddish-brown hair, parted evenly on a well-shaped forehead, and was brushed away smoothly, too smoothly for her beauty, over her ears. She had no color, but was of a fair white—not sickly. Her plain merino gown fitted her trimly. The little foot resting on the stool was neatly slippered. The ruffle of her skirt, the handkerchief in her lap, were fine and white. "A dainty lily of a woman," thought Burleigh; "needing only a little flush of happiness to bloom into a beauty."

And that just shows what an excellent thing it is to think well of yourself; and how much better to say what you think, even if only in a letter. Up to that morning Burleigh had met Miss Ainsleigh three times a day, at least, and had never seen her at all.

He made his way toward her. Nobody else saw her. The talk was of a drive to be taken, but it flowed about her as water about a rock. Nobody expected her to have any interest in the excursion, and she sat patiently silent, her eyes fixed on her needles.

"You say nothing," said a pleasant voice in her neighborhood. "Do you dislike driving? May I offer you a seat behind my horses? I can assure you they are gentle."

Miss Ainsleigh went on calmly with her work. Reason and experience taught her that no such speech could be addressed to her.

"Miss Ainsleigh!" urged the voice.

Then, indeed, she started, and looked up at Burleigh with an amusing astonishment, and, as plainly as eyes could speak, her eyes said:

"This is me! Are you quite in your right mind?"

"Will you go?" repeated Burleigh, doing his best to look unconscious of the eyes.

A little titter reached Miss Ainsleigh. Lucy and Dot, nearly in hysterics at the great spectacle of Burleigh bending over her chair.

"I shall be very happy," she said, demurely, thinking to herself the while, "I see; a love quarrel. Well, it will not hurt me to play lay figure, and I shall enjoy the drive." So she went, and was quite at her ease. Why should a lay figure be otherwise? She possessed that rare and great faculty, hearty enjoyment of small pleasures. Her contentment was so thorough that Burleigh caught its infection. Her companionship relieved his bitter thinking. After the drive he came to sit beside her. The next day he would have her drive again. Before very long he found himself thinking, since his own happiness was destroyed, why not make hers: on the principle on which some lovers fall to visiting the sick, and others go out as missionaries. Quite unconscious of his benevolent intentions Miss Ainsleigh received him with quiet serenity. All his attentions she attributed to the evident quarrel with Lucy, and told herself that she might look any morning to see them reconciled, and cooing together in Flirtation Nook.

But did she tell herself how she should relish the spectacle? The part even of a lay figure has its dangers. Burleigh was a winning man. She was learning to expect his talk and his company. Most significant sign of all, she was growing courageous. She bantered Burleigh, and contradicted and teased him with wit, and grace, and spirit. What magician is it that works such miracles? Miss Ainsleigh was old enough to know.

For Lucy—she made a bouquet every morning for Fayal's button-hole, and fastened it there. She tied away his whiskers and arrayed him in her hat. She leaned on his arm, and looked up in his face, and looked down again, all under Burleigh's eyes; all very entertaining, but a mistake, dear coquettes, one and all. Your real power over a man will always be in exact proportion to the extent of his belief in you! And so one day Dot, who was much cleverer than Lucy, said to her,

"I never saw any thing so ridiculous, but I think Burleigh is getting in earnest about that old maid. You had better tell him about that letter or it will be too late."

"Nonsense!" said Lucy, sharply.

Miss Ainsleigh and Burleigh had arrived at that stage where each is afraid of silence, and yet can find nothing to say. Miss Ainsleigh prophesied rain. Burleigh denied it. Silence. Miss Ainsleigh looked about the room, saw the canary, and made a neat little speech on birds. Burleigh said "yes" and "no" in the wrong places, and ensued a second silence, and Miss Ainsleigh's heart began to beat very fast, when Lucy entered, and with that graceful unconsciousness of another woman's claims to civility which some young ladies exhibit, she laid her hand on Burleigh's arm, saying,

"I am glad to find you disengaged. I want to speak with you," and drew him out into the hall.

The reconciliation had come; and the poor lay figure! Were the shadows deepening about her, sitting motionless by the fire, half as dark as that falling over her life?

Lucy drew Burleigh into the hall. A soft twilight reigned there, and it could hardly be told whether she leaned heavily on his arm or not as they walked up and down the marble pavement. She was looking her loveliest. She certainly was a beautiful young woman, and she felt herself irresistible. She looked up at Burleigh. He was quiet and grave, waiting to hear what she might say. She hesitated, and crossed her little hands on his arm—experience taught her that might go further than many arguments—and began thus:

"Burleigh, I have a confession to make, but you must promise me not to be angry."

"How can I promise that till I know the offense?" asked Burleigh, in a crushing, matter-of-fact way, for he was a little afraid of this confession.

"How grim you are, Burleigh! You did not use to be so severe with me."

At this ferocious picture of himself being severe with such a very pretty young woman, Burleigh felt himself relent, but by some trick of memory recalled Lucy tying away Fayal's whiskers, and hardened his heart.

"I am naturally blunt and rude. What was it you wished to say?"

"It was about a letter"—Lucy's confidence decidedly on the wane. "I ought never to have written it, but Dot and I only thought of it as a joke. I never did like Miss Ainsleigh. She looks so ill-natured, and I felt just a little spiteful at you. Dot composed it and I copied it, and we burned it a little to pretend it had been in the fire, and gave John five dollars to say he found it in sweeping out your room, to make you read it. And I told Hesperia the other day [what a fib, Miss Lucy!], and she scolded me so, and said I had done such a dreadful thing, and that I must tell you! And I thought I never could do it; and—will you forgive me, Burleigh?"

"Forgive you!" exclaimed Burleigh, radiant, "I was never so delighted. You have removed my last doubt. I couldn't quite reconcile it with the refinement and delicacy of Miss Ainsleigh's character that she should have written that letter."

"Oh! very well; I am glad I am sure," pouted Lucy; but Burleigh scarcely looked at her, and evidently was not thinking of her at all. She took her hand from his arm. He made no effort to detain her. She turned away from him. He went back to the room where he had left Miss Ainsleigh. She had lost him.

Miss Ainsleigh sat quiet in the shadow as he had left her, only it was now so dark that he could hardly distinguish the outline of her still figure. Perhaps that was the reason that he seated himself so near her.

"I wish I could see your face," he said, and there was a thrill and tremble in his voice new to her. "I have something to tell you. Something to ask you."

"I know," she said, trying to nerve herself.

"You know?"

"I have always foreseen that you would one day be reconciled. I am very glad for you!"

Very glad? Oh, Miss Ainsleigh! all the fibs were not told by Lucy on that eventful evening.

"Reconciliation!" echoed Burleigh. "Of what are you talking? My question concerns you. I want to ask you if you know why I have so persistently haunted you of late?"

"No," she answered, trying to speak with indifference, "unless there has arisen among men a new order of Don Quixote, sworn to the service of lonely spinsters and undesirable femininity in general."

"Then you never thought," questioned Burleigh, taking her hand, "that I was the most selfish of men, and was constantly with you because—I love you."

Miss Ainsleigh started violently, but she made no answer.

"Speak," he pleaded, raising her hands to his lips. "Tell me you will be my wife."

"I will not," answered Miss Ainsleigh, low and distinct.

"You will not?"

"No."

Burleigh sat dumb. He loved this woman, and honored her, yet there had always been upon him a certain sense of sacrifice. "It was for her happiness," he had told himself, and he had never canvassed the possibility of a rejection. Now that she did reject him, he discovered, in his bitter and overwhelming disappointment, how very much he loved.

"Understand," she said, turning toward him

as he sat motionless beside her; "I could love you with heart and soul. Your love might be, would be, Paradise to me. But poor and plain and lonely as I am, I will not take Paradise itself as an alms thrown to me by a reckless, disappointed affection."

"No!" said Burleigh, as eager as he had been downcast; "but do you refuse to make Paradise for me? Did not I tell you that I was selfish? I ask you to make my happiness. I love you. Plain! Why, bless your sweet face, in my eyes you are lovely! You said you could love me with heart and soul. Only love me as I love you, and I ask nothing better."

"Beg pardon," said Jim's voice in the door; "but the bell have rung three times for supper."

"One word," whispered Burleigh, "before we go. Say yes."

And some one near him murmured "yes." Probably it was Miss Ainsleigh. For I heard Hesperia saying shortly after,

"I never was so surprised. Alice is a nice person, a clever woman; but that she should marry Burleigh! I am not sure if I remembered to congratulate them, for I really felt as if I were dreaming. What could he see in her?"

Lucy married the Bait, Whitney Gilbert. Dot became Mrs. Fayal. Both ladies are fond of quoting Mrs. Burleigh. For the moral, if there is any, old Mrs. Hubbard drew it for the benefit of her daughter Nancy.

"And, after all, you must never feel quite sure," said Mrs. Hubbard, "till the knot is fairly tied. I have seen strange things in my day. There is Mrs. Gilbert, she that was Lucy Simpson. She might once have married Burleigh. She was actually engaged to him; but she chose to be perverse, and he slipped through her fingers, fell dead in love with his present wife. Oh! you can tell nothing about her now. She is mightily improved, a very fine woman; but in those days she had only two gowns to her back, and was quite an old maid. Nobody thought of taking her out. And he—raved about her—and is as fond of her now as ever. There is a great deal in luck, my dear. Remember that! And when you have your fish well hooked, don't strain too hard on your line. Time enough to wallop him when you get him safe to shore."

CARNIVAL AT THE BUFFALO SKATING-RINK.

THE skating-rink at Buffalo is one of the largest in the country. It was recently the scene of a magnificent masquerade skating carnival which we illustrate on page 148. The ice was crowded with a throng of skaters of both sexes, and in every imaginable costume; and there was a large attendance of spectators, filling the immense building to its utmost capacity. When at 10 o'clock the bell sounded and the masks were laid aside it was a decidedly interesting spectacle; for the ladies of Buffalo, and especially those of them that skate, are unsurpassed in beauty by any in the world.

The rink is one after Mr. HERVEY's patent, and an interior of this one at Buffalo very nearly represents all the institutions of the sort in this country, and will therefore be interesting to all of our readers who enjoy skating.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE collections of living animals, now popularly known as Zoological Gardens, are of considerable antiquity. We read of such gardens in China as far back as 2000 years; but they consisted chiefly of some favorite animals, such as stags, fish, and tortoises. The Greeks, under Pericles, introduced peacocks in large numbers from India. The Romans had their elephants; and the first giraffe in Rome, under Cæsar, was as great an event in the history of zoological gardens at its time as the arrival in 1849 of the hippopotamus was in London. The first zoological garden of which we have any detailed account is that in the reign of the Chinese Emperor, Wen Wang, founded by him about 1150 A.D., and named by him "The Park of Intelligence;" it contained mammalia, birds, fish, and amphibia. The zoological gardens of former times served their masters occasionally as hunting-grounds.

Alexander the Great possessed his zoological gardens. We find from Pliny that Alexander had given orders to the keepers to send all the rare and curious animals which died in the gardens to Aristotle.

Splendid must have been the zoological gardens which the Spaniards found connected with the Palace of Montezuma. The letters of Ferdinand Cortez and other writings of the time, as well as more recently "The History of the Indians," by Antonio Herrera, give most interesting and detailed accounts of the menagerie in Montezuma's park. The buildings belonging to these gardens were all gorgeous, as became the grandeur of the Indian prince; they were supported by pillars, each of which was hewn out of a single piece of some precious stone. Cool, arched galleries led into the different parts of the garden—to the marine and fresh-water basins, containing innumerable water-fowl—to the birds of prey, falcons and eagles, which latter especially were represented in the greatest variety—to the crocodiles, alligators, and serpents, some of them belonging to the most venomous species. The halls of a large square building contained the dens of the lions, tigers, leopards, bears, wolves, and other wild animals. Three hundred slaves were employed in the gardens tending the animals, upon which great care was bestowed, and scrupulous attention paid to their cleanliness. To this South American zoological garden of the sixteenth century no other of its time could be compared.

The majority of zoological gardens now in existence have been founded in this century, with the exception of the Jardin des Plantes, which, although founded in 1626, did not receive its first living animals until the year 1793–1794. Hitherto it had been a Garden of Plants exclusively.

We shall not be expected to enumerate the great Continental gardens, of which that at Berlin, half an hour's drive beyond the Brandenburg gates, contains the Royal Menagerie; it is open upon the payment of an admission fee. Berlin has also its zoological collection in its Museum of Natural History. This collection is one of the richest and most extensive in Europe, especially in the department of Ornithology; it includes the birds collected by Pallas and Wildenow, and the fishes of Bloch. The best specimens are those from Mexico, the Red Sea, and the Cape. The whole is exceedingly well arranged, and *named* for the convenience of students. Still, the zoological collection in the British Museum (to be hereafter removed to South Kensington) is allowed to be the finest in Europe.

The Zoological Society of London was instituted in 1826, and occupies now about seventeen acres of gardens in the Regent's Park. Among the earliest tenants of the menagerie were a pair of emues from New Holland; two Arctic bears and a Russian bear; a herd of kangaroos; Cuban mastiffs and Thibet watch-dogs; two llamas from Peru; a splendid collection of eagles, falcons, and owls; a pair of beavers; cranes, spoonbills, and storks; zebras and Indian cows; Esquimaux dogs; armadillos; and a collection of monkeys. To the menagerie have since been added an immense number of species of *Mammalia* and *Birds;* in 1849 a collection of *Reptiles;* and in 1853 a collection of *Fish, Mollusca, Zoophytes,* and other *Aquatic Animals.* In 1830 the menagerie collected by George IV. at Sandpit-gate, Windsor, was removed to the Society's Gardens; and in 1834 the last of the Tower Menagerie was received here. It is now the finest public Vivarium in Europe.

Very rare, and consequently expensive, animals are generally purchased. Thus the first rhinoceros cost £1000; the four giraffes, £700, and their carriage an additional £700. The elephant and calf were bought in 1851 for £500; and the hippopotamus, although a gift, was not brought home and housed at less than £1000—a sum which he more than realized in the famous Exhibition season, when the receipts were £10,000 above the previous year. The lion Albert was purchased for £140; a tiger, in 1852, for £200. The value of some of the smaller birds will appear, however, more startling: thus, the pair of black-necked swans were purchased for £80; a pair of crowned pigeons and two maleos, £60; a pair of Victoria pigeons, £35; four Mandarin ducks, £70.

There is a strange notion that the Zoological Society has proposed a large reward for a "tortoise-shell tom-cat," and one was accordingly offered to the Society for £250! But male tortoise-shell cats may be had in many quarters.

The Surrey Zoological Gardens were established in 1831. Thither Cross removed his menagerie from the King's Mews, where it had been transferred from Exeter Change. At Walworth a glazed circular building, 100 feet in diameter, was built for the cages of the carnivorous animals (lions, tigers, leopards, etc.); and other houses for mammalia, birds, etc. Here, in 1834, was first exhibited a young Indian one-horned rhinoceros, for which Cross paid £800. It was the only specimen brought to England for twenty years.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THERE are thirteen public markets in New York city. One of these, situated at the foot of Sixteenth Street and East River, has not yet been occupied. It is, however, nearly completed, is substantially built, well ventilated, and promises to be an excellent market-place. But in general, as regards cleanliness, drainage, ventilation, and many other important points, the public markets of this city compare most unfavorably with the markets of other large American and European cities. Why should this great and proud metropolis be so much behind the times in a matter of such importance both as regards health and reputation? Recently a report respecting the present condition of our markets was prepared by General Egbert L. Viele, Civil Engineer, at the request of the Common Council. From this report it is evident that an immediate renovation is needful—a fact which those who frequent the markets, particularly Washington—have long and painfully realized. General Viele concludes his report with a plain and specific plan for reform in this department. In regard to Washington Market, he believes that no efforts of science or skill can ever make it what it ought to be in its present location; it is itself choked up, while the commerce of its vicinity is stifled and hampered by its presence. He suggests that this market be removed as speedily as possible to the foot of Twenty-third Street, North River. The design for a new building, to be located on this spot, accompanied the report. It covers two blocks, from Twenty-third to Twenty-fifth Streets, and Eleventh Avenue and the river. It is also suggested that Fulton Market be remodeled, Jefferson and Clinton rebuilt, that such markets as are not required in their present location be abolished, and new ones, in convenient quarters, be erected.

Hydrophobia does not appear to be confined to dog-days by any means. Several deaths from this fearful disease have recently occurred in Brooklyn and other places on Long Island. More than twenty mad dogs are said to have been killed in Queen's County within a month. Many physicians think that the bite of an angry dog is liable to produce hydrophobia.

Since the recent revolution in Spain the Spaniards are trying the experiment of popular elections; but they seem to conduct them quite differently from either the English or the Americans. An election in Madrid is thus described: The polls for one district are in the building where the deputies meet. You turn to the right, then to the left; nobody to show you the way—nobody else going in. In a room on one side half-a-dozen men are chatting by the fire—smoking of course: hats and cloaks on, equally of course. On a table are fifteen little heaps of ballots assorted with some care. You may choose at your leisure—if you happen to be able to read. Nobody will either assist or molest you, urge you to vote for one or dissuade you from another. When a man comes in whose shy looks prove that he can not tell one ballot from another, some one of the five or six hats, and cloaks, and cigarettes will help him—but only one. There is not the smallest appearance of rivalry or contest. When the voter gets his ballot he bows, thanks his assistant, passes from this smoky room into another smoky room, carpeted, paneled with marble, furnished in mahogany, five grave gentlemen awaiting him, pen in hand, cigarette in mouth. Off goes his hat, he bows, advances timidly through the great room, undergoes interrogatories, sees mysterious writings done in big folios, gives in his ballot, sees it put into the mahogany ballot-box, and takes what seems to be a receipt. The quivering elector who has undergone this torture slips stealthily away with a sense of relief mingled with the pride of having done his duty.

From an exchange we gather some significant items respecting Zion's Church in this city, which is composed wholly of colored people. They own a large brick meeting-house on the corner of Bleecker and Tenth streets, a sunny little parsonage in Grove Street, and some favorably-located land in Eighth Street, amounting in total value to above $200,000. Their membership is above six hundred, and every thing pertaining to their service indicates a well-ordered society, amply capable of taking care of their own affairs.

An elegant bedstead which has been dug out of the ruins of Pompeii, has been put together, and is now in the Museum at Naples. It is of bronze, and inlaid with silver. But its dimensions are large—nine feet in length, and five in width.

Seldom has a theatre been the scene of such a real and fearful tragedy as recently occurred at Havana. Senorita Aldama, a beautiful young Cuban, daughter of a wealthy and respected man, while singing the Cuban revolutionary song in a theatre, was brutally assassinated. At the time of this occurrence she wore upon her breast the American flag, with the inscription, "Long live the Republic of Cuba!" upon it. When that stirring song was being sung the whole audience rose and cheered the young lady, and as she rose to acknowledge the salute, a Spaniard shot her with a revolver, killing her instantly. Two American gentlemen occupied the box adjoining Senorita Aldama, and one of these, seeing the pistol pointed at the young lady's breast, drew his revolver and killed the assassin.

The art of picking pockets has been brought to a good degree of perfection, as most of our readers are aware. The following revelation of some of the most approved methods in vogue is from a New York "expert," and may serve to put the fortunate possessors of well-lined pocket-books upon their guard. To pick a man's pocket, he says: "We go into a crowd, single out a man who is promising and whose money we want: one of us works his way in front of him so as to crowd against his left arm, another gets himself behind him, and the operator stands at his right partly back. If our game is a stranger having considerable money about him, he is naturally careful of his money and keeps his hand on his pocket-book, which is in his right-hand pocket. When the proper time comes the man behind tips up or smashes down the hat of the victim, whose first impulse is to restore it, and as he can't raise his left arm he takes his hand from his right pocket, when the operator dives and seizes the money. This action he does not feel nine times out of ten; he is generally mad at having his hat knocked over his eyes, and turns to see who did it. The one who did the act escapes through the crowd, and we all follow, and meet at some appointed place to divide profits." To pick a woman's pocket in the street cars, the same authority pronounces to be "a risky business." "But the way of doing it is easy. For instance, I sit alongside of a woman and manage to get my hand or finger into her pocket (she can't feel it as a man could) and get out her pocket-book; then I open it and extract the money, and then replace the pocket-book. That is 'weeding.' If she discovers her loss she is almost sure to think that she has lost her money or left it where she was last shopping, and so we get off easy enough. As to taking watches and jewelry, we don't do it—that is, the best of us don't—unless we are hard up."

In a recent work on health it is shown that many more of the "ills to which flesh is heir" are due to improper diet than is generally supposed. Local difficulties of various kinds—pain in the lungs, heart, and back; cramp in the feet; convulsions; asthma; palsy; and the like—frequently result directly from indigestion. And proper medical treatment addressed to the stomach brings immediate or speedy relief; and suitable diet effects a cure. Many instances are given which prove the truth of this assertion.

It has been well said, that a judicious woman always keeps a little behind instead of a little in front of the fashion of the day. She is not in a hurry to adopt an innovation until she sees it has fairly won ground; and even when she does adopt it, she so modifies it to her own personal needs, so softens down its brusqueness and newness, that society at once becomes reconciled to the innovation as displayed upon her person. She never adopts a fashion in its greatest excess, but always in moderation.

An anxious inquirer, in a Western journal, propounds the following problems:

"If a fellow, riding his velocipede, meets a lady on a particularly rough bit of road, where it requires both hands to steer, is he positively required to let go with one hand to lift his hat; and, if so, what will he do with his machine?

"If a fellow, riding his velocipede, overtakes a lady carrying two bundles and a parcel, what should he do with it?

"If a fellow, riding his machine, meets three ladies walking abreast, opposite a particularly tall curbstone, what ought he to do with it?

"If a fellow, riding his velocipede, encounters his expected father-in-law bothering painfully over a bit of slippery sidewalk, what shall he do with it?

"If people, coming suddenly around corners, will run against a fellow's machine, is he bound to stop and apologize, or are they?

"If a fellow is invited to join a funeral procession, ought he to ride his machine?

"And is it proper to ride a velocipede to church; and, if so, what will he do with it when he gets there?"

An ingenious gentleman in Cincinnati is constructing a velocipede which is to be propelled by a spring. After winding it up he calculates that it will go two miles before it will again require winding. *Query:* Can the thing be stopped *before* it runs down? A steam velocipede has been invented recently, with which great speed is attained. It has one or two faults, however. The driver is half roasted by the boiler, and is liable to be blown off at a tangent without a moment's warning.

"Carleton," of the Boston *Journal,* in a sketch of a visit to Salt Lake City, says that as soon as girls arrive at a marriageable age they become concubines. "The Mormon Church teaches that concubinage is ordained of God. To accept it is to glorify Him; to reject it is to reject eternal happiness. A man may have a score of concubines; he may be old, hateful, repulsive, but for a girl to reject his addresses is to reject the gospel. Women regard polygamy as a religious sacrifice. It is to them the will of God. Accepting it, they glorify him and secure their own salvation. I venture to say that there is not one really happy woman in Utah, if united to a man with more than one woman. Polygamy is against nature. You see nature's protest in the sad and care-worn countenance of every woman you meet."

It may be interesting to some of our readers to know that, when cut flowers have faded, by cutting half an inch from the end of the stem, and putting the freshly-trimmed stalks instantly into boiling water, the petals may be seen to come smooth and resume their beauty, often in a few minutes. Colored flowers, carnations, azaleas, roses, and geraniums, may be treated in this way. White flowers turn yellow. The thickest textured flowers amend the most, although azaleas revive wonderfully. Flowers that have lain the whole night on a table, after having been worn for hours may be perfectly renovated, it is said, by means of a cupful of hot water.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GOOD REASONER.—A teetotaler's arguments are pretty sure to be sound, for he is certain to make use of nothing which will not hold water.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.—When a man has feathered his nest you will generally find that he also plumes himself upon it. How true is it therefore that "riches take unto themselves wings!"

"THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR."—"An Expectant One" naively remarks, that distant relations when making their wills are invariably "very close."

ADVICE TO YOUTH.

Take aim to live worth money, timely got:
For men, when they die worth it, have it not.

OUT OF HER ELEMENT.—The last place which you would expect a woman to like is—a Still-room.

DIFFERENT MEASURES OF VALUE.

The Spanish ideal—Millions!
The Spanish real—two-pence half-penny!

A BLUNDER-BUSS—Kissing the wrong girl.

"How do you like the looks of the varmint?" asked an Arkansian of a Down-Easter who was gazing with distended eyes at an alligator with open jaws on the bank of the Mississippi. "Wa'al," responded the Yankee, recovering his mental equipoise, "he ain't what ye w'd call a han'some critter, but he's a deal of openness when he smiles."

TO LET.

To be let at a very delicate rate,
A snug little house in a fine, healthy state,
'Tis a bachelor's heart and the agent is chance,
Affection the rent—to be paid in advance.
The owner, as yet, has possess'd it alone,
So the fixtures are not of much value; but soon
'Twill be furnish'd by Cupid himself, if a wife
Take a lease for the term of her natural life.
The tenant will have a few taxes to pay—
Love, honor, and—heaviest item—obey.
As for the good-will, the owner's inclined
To have that, if agreeable, settled in kind.
Provided true title, by proof, can be shown
To a heart unencumbered and free as his own.
So ladies, dear ladies, pray do not forget,
Here's an excellent bachelor's habitation to let.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.—A worthy deacon in a town somewhere in North America, gave notice at a prayer-meeting, the other night, of a church-meeting that was to be held immediately after, and unconsciously added: "There is no objection to the female brethren remaining!" This was equaled by a clergyman who told in his sermon of a very affecting scene, where "there wasn't a dry tear in the house!"

"Father Taylor, is your son-in-law a Christian?" said a minister at camp-meeting. "Well, Thomas isn't exactly a saint, but he is a very sweet sinner."

A bluff old farmer says: "If a man professes to serve the Lord, I like to see him do it when he measures onions, as well as when he hollers glory halleluyer."

A celebrated divine, who prided himself upon the originality of his sermons, was once told, jocularly, that a sermon he had preached was excellent. "But," said the wag who told him, "I had previously read every word of it in a book I have at home." The astonished clergyman begged for a sight of the volume. "Oh, I have no doubt you have the same book in your library; it is Johnson's Dictionary."

A pompous individual walked up to the bar of a sea-side hotel, and with considerable flourish, signed the book, and exclaimed, "I'm lieutenant-governor of ——." "That don't make any difference," says the landlord, "you'll be treated just as well as the others."

Two little boys were met after dark by a fellow who demanded their money. Said one of them, "I have no money." This might have been a sufficient answer. But the other made assurance doubly sure by adding, "And I haven't any pocket to put money in."

A maiden lady, alluding to her youthful accomplishments, said that at six months of age she went alone. A malicious individual present remarked: "Yes, and you have been going alone ever since."

A gentleman standing in a crowd felt the pressure of two feminine feet upon his patent-leathers. At first the sensation was delightful. It made inexpressibly delicious thrills pass through his body; but these sensations wore away, and the pressure began to feel the least bit uncomfortable. "Madam!" he gently suggested, "you are standing on my feet." "Your feet, Sir?" "Yes, madam." "Goodness! I beg your pardon, Sir; I thought I was standing on a block of wood—*they are quite large, Sir!*" "Quite—*but you covered 'em, madam.*"

CURE FOR THE BLUES.

Tinc. Peruvii barki bitters, 1 oz.
Sugari albi, vel sweetningus, considerabilibus.
Spiritus frumenti, vel old repeus, ad lib.
Waterus pumpus, non multum.
Nutmegus, sprinklibus.

"Vat's de matter, vat's de matter?" exclaimed an old Dutchman as he tucked up his apron and ran out of his shop to know the meaning of a crowd in his neighborhood, "vat's de matter?"

"There is a man killed," answered a by-stander.

"Oh, ish dat all!—shust a man kilt! Humph! I tout it vas a fight."

"What, in Heaven's name, shall we do for dinner?" asked a wife, when, after telling her husband there was nothing in the house to eat, he said that he had no money.

"Do!" exclaimed the husband, wildly. "Ha! ha! I have it now. Go fry the goldfish, and roast the canary."

A few days since a German called at the post-office, in Newburyport, for a letter, but did not have English enough to make himself understood; whereupon a friend who was with him said: "He has not learned many words yet; he only knows how to swear."

INDIAN BURIAL-PLACE ON DEER CREEK, NEAR FORT LARAMIE.—From a Photograph by A. Gardner.—[See Page 157.]

TRUCK-WAGONS, WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

MARKET-WAGONS.

OUR illustration on this page shows one of the most interesting features of a large New York market-place in the morning. The streets along the boundaries of the market, and for some distance beyond, are filled with truck-wagons from the country laden with the produce of the season. The country farmers have come in from miles around, and, having reached their destination, carry on a driving business with the market-men, but principally with grocers from all parts of the city, who select the early morning hours for the purchase of vegetables, fruits, etc. In the summer an extensive business is carried on by agents who bring supplies to the New York markets from the thriving rural districts along the Hudson by means of barges.

HEAVY CATTLE.

To our agricultural readers the subject of our illustration on this page can not fail to be interesting. The pair of cattle known as "Own Brothers" here shown came from Indiana, and

THE "OWN BROTHERS"—RAISED BY W. H. DREW, ESQ., OF PUTNAM COUNTY, NEW YORK—LIVE WEIGHT 6500 POUNDS.

were raised by W. H. Drew, of Putnam County, son of Daniel Drew. One of them was five and the other six years old last spring. Their live weight is 6500 pounds. Their fine condition is owing in great measure to the care of Henry Hoffman, who has charge of one of Mr. Drew's farms. They were by him fattened, and were sold for $1500 to William Lalor, of Centre Market, who is noted for killing the heaviest cattle in our markets. The weight of this gigantic pair of cattle is most readily appreciated by a comparison with the weight of others which have been brought before our notice. The bullock "Reunion," at seven years of age in 1866, weighed alive 3795 pounds; the meat 2475 pounds. The live weight of the ox "Union," seven years old in 1860, was 3419 pounds. Previous to these there was the "George Washington," whose live weight (in 1840) was 3204 pounds. The "Andrew Johnson," in 1866, weighed alive 3330 pounds.

CATHERINE'S QUEST.

Imagine to yourself an old, rambling, red-brick house, with odd corners and gables here and there, all bound and clasped together with ivy, and you have Craymoor Grange. It was built long before Queen Elizabeth's time, and that illustrious monarch is said to have slept in it in one of her royal progresses—as where has she not slept?

There still remain some remnants of by-gone ages, although it has been much modernized and added to in later days. Among these are the brew-house and laundry—formerly, it is said, dining-hall and ball-room. The latter of these is chiefly remarkable for an immense arched window, such as you see in churches, with five lights.

When we came to the Grange this window had been partially blocked up, and in front of it, up to one-third of its height, was a wooden dais, or platform, on which stood a cumbrous mangle, left there, I suppose, by the last tenants of the house.

Of these last tenants we knew very little, for it was so long since it had been inhabited that the oldest authority in the village could not remember it.

There were, however, some half-defaced monuments in the village church of Craymoor, bearing the figures and escutcheons of knights and dames of "the old family," as the villagers said; but the inscriptions were worn and almost illegible, and for some time we none of us took the pains to decipher them.

We first came to Craymoor Grange in the summer of 1849, my husband having discovered the place in one of his rambles, and taken a fancy to it. At first I certainly thought we could never make it our home, it was so dilapidated and tumble-down; but by the time winter came on we had had several repairs done and alterations made, and the rooms really became quite presentable.

As our family was small we confined ourselves chiefly to the newest part of the house, leaving the older rooms to the mice, dust, and darkness. We made use of two of the old rooms, however, one as a servant's bedroom and the other as an extra spare chamber, in case of many visitors. For myself, though I hope I am neither nervous nor superstitious, I confess that I would rather sleep in "our wing," as we called the part of the house we inhabited, than in any of the old rooms.

When Catherine l'Estrange came to us, however, during our first Christmas at Craymoor, I found that she was troubled with no such fancies, but declared that she delighted in queer old rooms, with raftered ceilings and deep window-seats, such as ours, and begged to be allowed to occupy the spare chamber. This I readily acceded to, as we had several visitors, and needed all the available rooms.

As my story has principally to do with Catherine l'Estrange I suppose I ought to speak more fully about her. She was an old school-friend of my daughter Ella, and at the time of which I am speaking was just one-and-twenty, and the merriest girl I ever knew. She had staid with us once or twice before we came to the Grange, but we then knew no other particulars concerning her family than that her father had been an Indian officer, and that he and her mother had both died in India when she was six years old, leaving her to the care of an aunt living in England.

I now, after a long, and I fear a tedious, preamble, come to my story.

On the eve of the new year of 1850, Catherine had a very bad sore throat, and was obliged, though sorely against her inclination, to stay in bed all day, and forego our small evening gayety.

At about six o'clock P.M. Ella took her some tea, and fearing she would be dull, offered to stay with her during the evening. This, however, Catherine would not hear of. "You go and entertain your company," said she laughingly, "and leave me to my own devices; I feel very lazy, and I dare say I shall go to sleep." As she had not slept much on the preceding night, Ella thought it was the best thing she could do; so she went out by the door leading on to the corridor, first placing the night-lamp on a table behind the door opening on to the laundry, so that it might not shine in her face.

She did not again visit Catherine's room until reminded to do so by my son George, at about half past ten. She then rapped at the door, and receiving no answer, opened it softly, and approached the bed. Catherine lay quite still, and Ella imagined her to be asleep. She therefore returned to the drawing-room without disturbing her.

As it was New-Year's Eve, we staid up "to see the old year out and the new year in," and at a few minutes to twelve we all gathered round the open window on the stairs to hear the chimes ring out from the village church.

We were all listening breathlessly as the hall-clock struck twelve, when a piercing cry suddenly echoed through the house, causing us all to start in alarm. I knew that it could only proceed from Catherine's room, for the servants were all assembled at the window beneath us, listening, like ourselves, for the chimes. Thither therefore I flew, followed by Ella, and we found poor Catherine in a truly pitiable state.

She was deadly pale, in an agony of terror, and the perspiration stood in large drops upon her forehead. It was some time before we could succeed at all in composing her, and her first words were to implore us to take her into another room.

She was too weak to stand, so we wrapped her in blankets, and carried her into Ella's bedroom. I noticed that as she was taken through the laundry she shuddered, and put her hands before her eyes. When she was laid on Ella's bed she grew calmer, and apologized for the trouble she had caused, saying that she had had a dreadful dream.

With this explanation we were fain to be content, though I thought it hardly accounted for her excessive terror. I had observed, however, that any allusion to what had passed caused her to tremble and turn pale again, and I thought it best to refrain from exciting her further.

When morning came I found Catherine almost her usual self again; but I persuaded her to remain in bed until the evening, as her cold was not much better. Ella's curiosity to hear the dream which had so much excited her friend could now no longer be restrained; but whenever she asked to hear it, Catherine said, "Not now; another time, perhaps, I may tell you."

When she came down to dinner in the evening, we noticed that she was peculiarly silent, and we endeavored to rally her into her usual spirits, but in vain. She tried to laugh and to appear merry, poor child; but there was evidently something on her mind.

At last, as we all sat round the fire after dinner, she spoke. She addressed herself to my husband, but the tone of her voice caused us all to listen.

"Mr. Fanshawe, I have something to ask of you," said she, and then paused.

"Ask on," said Mr. Fanshawe.

"I know that you will think the request I am going to make a peculiar one; but I have a particular reason for making it," continued she. "It is that you will have the wooden dais in front of the laundry window removed."

Mr. Fanshawe certainly was taken aback, as were we all. When he had mastered his bewilderment, and assured himself that he had heard aright—

"It is, indeed, a strange request, my dear Catherine," said he; "what can be your reason for asking such a thing?"

"If you will only have it done, and not question me, you will understand my reason," answered Catherine.

Mr. Fanshawe demurred, however, thinking it some foolish whim, and at last Catherine said:

"I must tell you why I wish it done, then: I am sure we shall discover something underneath."

At this we all looked at one another in extreme bewilderment.

"Discover something underneath? No doubt we should—cobwebs, probably, and dust and spiders," answered Mr. Fanshawe, much amused.

But Catherine was not to be laughed down.

"Only do as I wish," said she, beseechingly, "and you will see. If you find nothing underneath the dais but cobwebs and dust, then you may laugh at me as much as you like." And I saw that she was serious, for tears were actually gathering in her eyes. Of course we were all very anxious to know what Catherine expected to find, and how she came to suspect that there was any thing to be found; but she would not say, and begged us all not to question her.

And now George took upon himself to interfere.

"Let us do as Catherine wishes, father," said he; "the dais spoils the laundry, and would be much better away."

"Well, well," said Mr. Fanshawe, "do as you like, only I shall expect my share of the treasure that is found.—And now," added he, "you must have a glass of wine to warm you, Catherine, for you look sadly pale, child."

Here the conversation changed, though we often alluded to the subject again during the evening.

The next morning the first thing in all our thoughts was Catherine's singular request.

I think Mr. Fanshawe had hoped she would have forgotten it, but such was not the case; on the contrary, she enlisted George's services the first thing after breakfast to carry out her design, and they left the room together, accompanied by Ella.

It was a snowy morning, and Mr. Fanshawe was obliged to be away from home all day on business, so I was quite at a loss how to entertain my numerous guests successfully. Happily for me, however, the mystery attendant on the removal of the dais in the laundry charmed them all; and I have to thank Catherine for contributing to their amusement much better than I could possibly have done.

Not long after the disappearance of Catherine, Ella, and George a message was sent to us in the drawing-room requesting our presence in the laundry; and on all flocking there with more or less eagerness we found a fire burning on the old-fashioned hearth and chairs arranged round it.

It appeared that with the help of Sam, our factotum, who was a kind of Jack-of-all-trades, George had succeeded in loosening the planks of the dais, which, although strongly put together, were rotten and worm-eaten, and that we were now summoned to be witnesses of its removal. We found Catherine trembling with a strange eagerness, and her face quite pale with excitement. This was shared by Ella and George; and, judging by the important expression on their faces, I fancied they were let further into the secret than any one else.

We all sat down in the chairs placed for our accommodation; and the wild whistling of the wind in the huge chimney, together with the sheets of snow which darkened the window-panes, enhanced the mystery of the whole affair, while George and his coadjutor worked lustily on.

At length, after a great deal of panting and puffing, George was heard to exclaim, "Now for the tug of war!" and there followed a minute's pause, and then a crash as the loosened planks were torn asunder, and a cloud of dust enveloped both workmen and spectators.

Involuntarily we all started forward, and a moment of the direst confusion ensued, during which the boys of our party greatly endangered their limbs among the broken boards.

"By George!" exclaimed my son at last—in his eagerness invoking his patron saint—as he stumbled upon something, "there is something here and no mistake;" and, hastily clearing away the rubbish and clinging cobwebs, he disclosed to view what proved on examination to be an immense oaken chest, about four feet in height, heavily carved, and ornamented with brass mouldings corroded with age and damp.

Here was a piece of excitement indeed; never in my most imaginative moments had I thought of any thing so mysterious as this. The most skeptical among us grew interested.

"Oh, do open it!" cried Ella, when the first exclamations of surprise were over.

"Easier to say than to do, Miss," replied Sam, exerting his Herculean strength in vain. With the aid of a hammer and the kitchen poker, however, he at last succeeded in forcing it open. We all pressed forward eagerly to peer inside. There was something in it certainly, but we none of us could determine what, until Sam, who was the boldest of us all, thrust in his hand and brought forth—something which caused the bravest to start with horror, while poor Catherine sank down, white and trembling, upon the littered floor. It was a bone, to which adhered fragments of decaying silk.

The consternation and conjectures which followed can be better imagined than described. Seeing the effects of the discovery upon Catherine, and indeed upon all, I bade Sam replace it in the chest, which George closed again, to be left until Mr. Fanshawe came home and could investigate the matter.

The rest of the day I passed in attending to Catherine, who seemed much shocked and overcome by what she had seen, and in trying to divert my guests' thoughts from the subject, and dispel the gloom which had gathered over all. In this I succeeded only partially, and never did I welcome my husband's return more gladly than on that evening.

On his arrival I would not let him be disturbed by the relation of what had happened until he had finished his dinner, and it was not till we were gathered as usual round the fire that George related the whole story to him.

When he ended the two gentlemen left the room together, in order that Mr. Fanshawe might verify by his own eyes what he would hardly believe.

They were some time gone, and on their return I noticed that my husband held in his hand an old piece of soiled parchment, with mouldy seals affixed to it.

"We certainly have discovered much more than I thought for, Catherine," said he, "and possibly more than you thought for either." Here he paused for her to reply, but she did not.

"The bones are most probably those of some animal," added he—I fancied I could detect a certain anxiety in his tone that belied what he said; "but in order to quell the active imaginations which I can see are running away with some of you"—here he looked round with a smile—"I will send for Dr. Driscoll to come and examine them to-morrow. I have also found a piece of parchment in the chest," he added, "but I have not yet looked at its contents."

"Before you do that, Mr. Fanshawe, and before you send for the surgeon," interrupted Catherine, suddenly, in a clear voice, "I think I can tell you all about the bones found in the chest, and how I guessed them to be there."

"I should certainly be very glad to be told," my husband admitted, much surprised; "though how you can possibly know I can not surmise."

"Listen, and I will tell you," answered Catherine; and feeling very glad that our curiosity was at last to be gratified we all "pricked up our ears," as George would say, to listen.

I here transcribe Catherine's story word for word, as my son George subsequently wrote it down from her dictation.

"You all remember," she began, "my alarming you on New-Year's Eve at midnight, and that I told you I was disturbed by a dreadful dream.

"I said so because I thought you would make fun of me if I called it a vision; and yet it was much more like a vision, for I seemed to see it waking, and it was more vivid and consecutive than any dream I ever had.

"Before I try to describe it I want you all to understand that I seemed intuitively to comprehend what I saw, and to recognize all the figures which appeared before me, and their relation to one another, though I am sure I never beheld them before in my life.

"When Ella left me that night I lay propped up with pillows, staring idly at the strange shadows thrown by the hidden lamp across the laundry ceiling and over the floor. As I looked it seemed to me that a change came over the room—a most unaccountable change.

"Instead of the blocked-up window, the rusty mangle, and the dais at the farther end, I saw the window clear and distinct from top to bottom, and in front of a deep window-seat at its base stood an oaken chest, exactly corresponding to the one discovered this morning. The room seemed brilliantly lighted, and every thing was clearly and distinctly visible; and not only was it changed, but also peopled.

"Many figures passed up and down; brocaded silks swept the floor, and old-world forms of men in strange costumes bowed in courtly style to the dames by their side. Among all these figures I noticed only one couple particularly, and I knew them to be bride and bridegroom. The man was tall and broad, with dark hair and eyes, and a sensual and cruel face. He seemed, however, to be quite enslaved by the woman by his side, whom I hardly even now like to think of, there was something to me so repellent in her presence.

"She was tall and of middle age, and would have been handsome were it not for a sinister expression in her dark flashing eyes, which was enhanced by the black eyebrows which met over them.

"She reminded me irresistibly of the effigy on the stone monument in Craymoor Church, which Ella and I named 'the wicked woman.'

"As I gazed on the strange scene before me I presently became aware of three other figures which I had not noticed before. They were standing in a small arched doorway in one corner of the room (where the servants' bedroom now is) furtively watching the gay company. One was a pale, care-worn woman, apparently of about five-and-thirty, still beautiful, though haggard and mournful-looking, with blue eyes and a fair complexion.

"Her hands rested on the shoulders of two children, one a boy and the other a girl, of about ten and eleven years of age respectively. They much resembled their mother, and, like her, they were meanly dressed, though no poverty of attire could hide the nobility of their aspect. I noticed that the mother's eyes rested chiefly on the face of the tall stately man before-mentioned, who seemed unaware or careless of her presence; and instinctively I knew him to be the father of her children and the blighter of her life.

"As I looked and beheld all this the lights vanished, the company disappeared, and the room became dark and deserted. No, not quite deserted, for I presently distinguished, seated on the window-seat by the old oaken chest, the fair woman and her children again.

"The moonlight now streamed through the window upon the woman's face, making it appear more ghastly and haggard than before. In her long thin fingers she was holding up to the light a necklace of large pearls, curiously interwoven in a diamond pattern, and on this the children's eyes were fixed.

"She then hung it on the girl's fair neck, who hid it in her bosom. Both children then twined their arms round their mother and kissed her repeatedly, while her head sank lower and lower, and the paleness of death overspread her features.

"This scene faded away as the other had done, and I saw the fair woman no more.

"Then it seemed to me that many figures passed and repassed before the window—the wicked woman (as I shall call her to distinguish her), accompanied by a boy the image of herself, whom I knew to be her son. He was apparently older than the fair-haired children, who also passed to and fro, attired as servants, and generally employed in some menial work.

"At last the wicked woman's son, with haughty gestures, ordered the other boy to pick up something that lay on the ground, and when he refused, he raised his cane as though to strike him. Before he could do so, however, the boy flew at him, and they engaged in a fierce struggle.

"In the midst of this the wicked woman, whom I had learned to dread, came forward and separated them; after which she pointed imperiously to the door, and signed to the younger boy to go out.

"He obeyed her mandate, but first threw his arms round his sister in a last embrace, and she detached the pearl necklace from off her neck and gave it to him. He then went out, waving a last adieu to her, and I saw him no more.

"Confused images seemed to crowd before me after this, and I remember nothing clearly until I beheld an infirm and tottering figure led away through the arched doorway, in whom I recognized the tall and stately man I had first seen in company with the wicked woman, but who was now an old man, apparently being supported to his bed to die. As he passed out he laid one trembling hand upon the head of the fair girl, now a blooming woman, and a softer shade came over his face. This the wicked woman noted, and she marked her disapproval by a vindictive frown.

"She also was older-looking, but age had in no degree softened her features; on the contrary, they appeared to me to wear a harsher expression than before.

"In the next scene which came before me the wicked woman's son was evidently making love to the girl. Both were standing by the old window-seat, but her face was resolutely turned away from him, and when she at last looked at him it was with an expression of uncontrollable horror and dislike.

"Again this scene changed as those before it had done; the young man was gone, and only the light of a grated lantern illumined the room, or rather made darkness visible. The wicked woman was the only occupant of the laundry; she was kneeling by the oaken chest, trying to raise the heavy lid. In her left hand she held a piece of parchment, with large red seals pendent from it. I knew it to be the old man's will which she was hiding, thus defrauding the just claimants of their rights.

"Her hands trembled, and her whole appearance denoted guilty trepidation. At length, however, the lid was raised, but just as she was about to replace the parchment in the chest, a figure glided silently from a dark corner of the window-seat and confronted her. It was the fair girl, pale, resolute, and extending her hand to claim the will.

"After the first guilty start, which caused her to drop the parchment into the chest, the wicked woman hurriedly tried to close the lid. Her efforts were frustrated, however, by the girl, who leaned with all her force upon it, keeping it back, and still held out her hand as before.

"There followed a pause which seemed to me very long, but which could in reality have only lasted a minute.

"It was broken by the wicked woman, who, hastily casting a glance behind her into the gloom of the darkened chamber, then seized the girl by the arm and dragged her with all her force into the chest. It was but the work of a moment, for the woman was much the more powerful of the two, and the poor victim was too much taken by surprise to make much resistance. I saw one despairing look in her face as her murderess flashed the lantern before it with a hideous gleam of triumph.

"Then the lid was pressed down upon her, and I saw no more, only I felt an unutterable terror, and tried in vain to scream.

"This was not all the vision, however, for before I had mastered my terror the scene was superseded by another.

"This time it was twilight, and the wicked woman and her son were together. The son seemed to be talking eagerly, and grew more and more excited, while the mother stood still and erect, with a malicious smile upon her lips. Presently she moved toward the chest with a fell purpose in her eyes, unlocked it with a key which hung from her girdle, raised the lid, and disclosed the contents.

"I understood it all now: the son was asking for the girl whom he had loved, and whom on his return home he missed, and the wicked woman, enraged at hearing for the first time that he had loved her, was determined to have her revenge.

"He should see her again.

"On beholding the dread contents of the chest the man staggered back horrified; then, doubtless comprehending the case, he turned suddenly upon the murderess, and threw his arm around her, and there ensued a struggle terrible to witness.

"Her proud triumphant glance of malice was now succeeded by one of abject fear, and, as his strength began to gain the mastery, of despair.

"His iron frame heaved for a moment with the violence of his efforts, the next he had forced her down into the chest upon the mouldering body of her victim. I saw her eyes light up with the terror of death for one second, and then her screams were stifled forever beneath the massive lid.

"The horror of this scene was too much for me; I found voice to scream at last, and I suppose it was my cry which alarmed you all."

When Catherine ceased speaking there was a profound silence for a minute, which Mr. Fanshawe was the first to break as he said, with a peculiar intonation in his voice, "It is very strange, very unaccountable," re-echoing all our thoughts.

Now it happened that Mr. Fleet, our family lawyer, was among our guests that Christmas-time, and since the discovery of the chest and bones had taken a great interest in the whole affair. He now questioned and cross-questioned Catherine, and seemed quite satisfied with the result.

"This would have made a fine case," said he, "if only it had been a question of the right of succession, for any lawyer to make out; but unfortunately the events are too long past to have any bearing upon the present." (There Mr. Fleet was wrong, though we none of us knew it at the time.)

We now all launched forth into conjectures and opinions, during which Catherine lay still and weary upon the sofa. I saw this, and thought it quite time to put an end to the day's adventures by suggesting a retirement for the night, and we were soon all dispersed to dream of the mysterious vision and discovery.

I think we were none of us sorry when morning dawned without any further tragedy (by *us*, I mean the female part of the establishment).

When I came down to breakfast I found Mr. Fleet very active on the subject of the night before.

"A surgeon ought to be immediately sent for to pronounce an opinion on the contents of the chest," he said; and Dr. Driscoll presently came, and after examining the bones minutely, decided that they were, as we thought, those of two females, who might have been from one to two hundred years dead.

Mr. Fleet next offered to decipher the will, for such he imagined the parchment to be, and he and Mr. Fanshawe were closeted together for some time.

When they at last appeared again, they looked much interested and excited, and led me away to inform me of the result of their examination.

They told me that the document had proved to be a will, but that there was a circumstance connected with it which greatly added to the mystery of the whole business. This was the mention of the name of L'Estrange. I was, of course, as much surprised as they, and heard the will read with great interest.

I can not remember the technical terms in which it was expressed. Mr. Fleet read me the translation he had made, for the original was in old English; but it was to this effect:

It purported to be the will of Reginald, Viscount St. Aubyn, in which he bequeathed all his inheritance to his lawful son Francis St. Aubyn—commonly known by the name of Francis L'Estrange—and to his heirs forever. It was signed Reginald, Viscount St. Aubyn, and the witnesses were John Murray and Phœbe Brett, who in the old copy had each affixed their mark.

Mr. Fleet affirmed that it was a perfectly legal document, but this was not all it contained.

There was an appendix which our lawyer translated as follows:

"In order to avoid all disputes and doubts which might otherwise arise, I do hereby declare that my lawful wife was Editha, youngest daughter of Francis L'Estrange, Baronet, and that the register of our marriage may be seen in the church of St. Andrew, Haslet. By this marriage we had two children, a son Francis, and a daughter Catherine, commonly called Francis and Catherine L'Estrange. And I hereby declare that Agatha Thornhaugh was not legally married to me as she imagined, my lawful wife being alive at the time; neither do I leave to her son by her first husband, Ralph Thornhaugh, any part or share in my inheritance."

Both the will and the writing at the foot of it were dated the 14th of May, 1668.

This accumulation of mysteries caused me for a time to feel quite bewildered and unable to think, but Mr. Fleet was in his element.

"Here is a case worth entering into," said he, and he further went on to state that he had no doubt that the L'Estranges mentioned in the will were our Catherine's ancestors, the Christian names being similar rendering it more than probable. She was most likely a direct descendant of Francis L'Estrange, the heir mentioned in the will, who was no doubt also the fair-haired boy Catherine had seen in her vision.

The bones were those of his sister, the murdered Catherine L'Estrange, and of her murderess, Agatha Thornhaugh, herself immured by her own son; but the matter ought not to rest on mere surmise, and the first place to go to for corroborating evidence was Craymoor church.

The rapidity with which Mr. Fleet came to his conclusions increased my bewilderment, and I was at a loss to know what evidence he expected to gain from Craymoor church. He reminded me, however, of Catherine's statement that "the wicked woman" of her vision resembled the effigy on the monument there.

Thither, then, the lawyer repaired, accompanied by Mr. Fanshawe and George. It was thought best to keep the sequel of the story from Catherine and the others until it was explained more fully, as Mr. Fleet boldly affirmed it should be. I awaited anxiously the result of their researches, and they exceeded I think even our good investigator's hopes.

Not only had they deciphered the inscription round the old monument, but with leave from the clergyman and the assistance of the sexton they had disinterred the coffin and found it to be filled with stones.

I am aware that this was rather an illegal proceeding, but as Mr. Fleet was only acting *en amateur* and not professionally, he did not stick at trifles.

The inscription was in Latin, and stated that the tomb was erected in memory of Agatha, wife of Reginald, Viscount St. Aubyn, who was buried beneath, and who died on the 31st day of December, 1649—exactly two hundred years before the day on which Catherine had seen the vision.

I could not help thinking it shocking that the villagers had for two centuries been worshiping in the presence of a perpetual lie, but Mr. Fleet thought only of the grand corroboration of his "case." He applied to Mr. Fanshawe to take the next step, namely, to write to Catherine's aunt and only living relative, to tell her the whole story, and beg her to assist in elucidating matters by giving all the information she could respecting the L'Estrange family.

This was done, and we anxiously awaited the answer. Meantime, all my guests were clamorous to hear the contents of the will, and I had to appease them as best I could by promising that they should know all soon.

In a few days old Miss L'Estrange's answer came. She said her brother, father, and grandfather had all served in India, and that she believed her great-grandfather, who was a Francis L'Estrange, to have passed most of his life abroad, there having been a cloud over his early youth. What this was, however, she could not say. She affirmed that the L'Estranges had in old times resided in ——shire; and she further stated that her father's family had consisted of herself and her brother, whose only child Catherine was.

As for Catherine, on being told that the figures she had beheld in the vision were thought to be those of her ancestors, she was not so much surprised as I expected, but said that she had had a presentiment all along that the tragedies she had witnessed were in some way connected with her own family.

I must not forget to say that on ascertaining that the parish church of Haslet was still standing we searched the register, and another link of evidence was made clear by the finding of the looked-for entry.

There remains little more to be told. The charge of the old will was committed to Mr. Fleet, and Catherine's story has been carefully laid up among the archives of our family. I say advisedly of *our* family, for the line of the L'Estranges, alias St. Aubyns, has been united to ours by the marriage of Catherine to my son George, which took place in 1850.

I have but one more incident to relate, and I have done. A short time ago old Miss L'Estrange died, bequeathing all her worldly possessions to Catherine. Among these were some old family relics. Catherine was looking over them as George unpacked them, and she presently came to a miniature of a young and beautiful girl with fair hair and blue eyes, and a wistful expression, and with it a necklace of pearls strung in a diamond pattern. On seeing these she became suddenly grave, and, handing them to me, said: "They are the same; the young girl and the pearl necklace I told you of."

If you were to visit Craymoor Grange now, you would find no old laundry. The part of the house containing it has been pulled down, and children play and chickens peckett on the ground where it once stood.

The oaken chest has also long since been destroyed.

THE TELL-TALE.

"WHO made that noise?" asked a teacher in one of our public schools, coming into the class-room.

A profound silence followed his question. There were thirty boys all looking at him, some three or four of whom had been guilty of a flagrant breach of order; yet every face was alike innocent in expression, and no one replied to his question.

"Boys," he asked, in a calmer tone, "who made that disturbance? Many of you know; and I depend upon the lovers of good order here to make common cause against the breach of it."

But still no one responded to the appeal.

"I know," whispered one to another; "but he's not going to make a tell-tale of me."

"And so do I," replied his companion; "but he will not get it out of me, I can tell him."

And thus the low whispers ran through the room. For more than a minute the teacher stood before them awaiting some reply, and then retired to attend to what he had been doing in the adjoining room. But no sooner was his back turned than the same noise that had disturbed him was renewed, even louder than before.

He of course immediately returned, and again stood before them.

"Let the boys who have violated the good order of the school hold up their hands," he said.

No hand was lifted.

"Now let all who are innocent hold up their hands."

Every hand was promptly raised.

For a few moments the teacher looked his scholars in the face, his own countenance expressing pain and mortification. At length he said:

"From a boy I have ever looked upon falsehood as the most debasing crime, indicating a disposition to commit any of the whole catalogue of crimes, if the individual had the courage to do so. I am, therefore, deeply pained to find that I have scholars in my class who are not above this meanest of all vices. It was bad enough to break the rules of the school, but a thousand times worse to tell a falsehood about it—a falsehood, too, that is reflected upon every innocent, high-minded boy in the room. I see here the sons of men whose standing in the community for virtue and usefulness is known and acknowledged by all. These boys, I am sorry to say, are all involved in the guilt of this violation of order, and what is worse, in the crime of a virtual denial of it; for how can I discriminate when all act alike? When I ask the guilty to hold up their hands no hand is lifted; but when I call upon the innocent to attest their innocence, all declare themselves to be innocent. I will now try you once more. Let the guilty hold up their hands."

But no hand was lifted.

"Now let the innocent lift their hands."

Every hand was again raised.

"I would not be the boy who has thus lifted his hand before the school in attestation of a falsehood for all the wealth this world could bestow," the teacher said, as he looked at his class for a moment or two, and then turned away and again left the room. Although he remained out for full ten minutes he was not again disturbed.

"You were one, James Harker," said a boy, in a low tone, looking with a half indignant expression of countenance at the boy who sat next to him.

"I don't care if I was. He couldn't find it out," was the prompt reply.

"But I don't think it right that others should be blamed for what you have done."

"You are not going to turn tell-tale, are you?" said Harker, with a sneer.

"No, not a mere tell-tale; but still I am not certain that I shall not let our teacher know that you were one of the offenders, unless you have the true spirit to do so yourself."

"Oh, tell-tale! tell-tale! tell-tale! Tom Jones is going to turn tell-tale!" said James Harker, so loud as to be heard all around, pointing at the same time at Jones, while his face was expressive of the most sovereign contempt.

"Are you going to tell of me too?" asked a boy sitting near, with a threatening look.

"I did not see you making a noise."

"You had better not, I can tell you."

"I did not see you, so you need not fear," was Thomas Jones's reply; "but I can tell you what I think. If you did make the noise, and then so publicly denied it as you did, I think that every honest-minded boy here should feel it his duty to expose you."

"Let any one dare to do it," was the reply to this.

After school several of the boys got around Thomas Jones, and attempted to convince him that to turn informer would be the most despicable thing in the world.

"I don't think it half so bad as to be a violator of the rules of the school and a liar into the bargain," was his quick rejoinder.

"There is not a meaner creature in the world than a tell-tale," said James Harker, with his expressive sneer.

"Which is worse, James—he who tells what is true of another, or he who falsely accuses him?"

"I will leave you to draw all such nice distinctions," replied Harker, tossing his head contemptuously.

"It is not hard for me to draw them, James, nor, I presume, for any boy here. But it is useless for us to talk about this matter. I will tell you what I will do, and if I say so, you may be sure that I will. If you will go up to-morrow and tell our teacher that you did the wrong he complained of I will keep silent; but if you will not my mind is made up to do it. I can not and I will not rest under the imputation of having told a falsehood when I am innocent, nor do I think that I am right in suffering the whole class to rest under a false accusation while it is in my power to remove it."

"I always thought you were a mean, low creature," replied Harker; "and now I know it."

"He'll prove himself the meanest boy in the school if he does it," said another of the wrong-doers.

"He had better not tell on me," broke in a third.

"Look here, Thomas, come with me," another lad said, taking Thomas Jones by the arm, and drawing him aside, when the two walked off together.

"I wouldn't say any thing about it if I were you," continued the lad; "you will only get the ill-will of those boys, and perhaps of the whole class. You know how much an informer is despised."

"There is a great difference, John," was Thomas's reply, "as my father has often told me, between a mere informer or tell-tale, as it is called in school, and one who makes known the wrong actions of another for the good of the whole. Now if, for the mere delight of seeing others punished, I were to be constantly running to the teacher with complaints against my fellow-students, then I would be that justly-despised individual—a tell-tale. But I have no such motives in view. James Harker has not only violated the rules of the class, thus throwing it into disorder, and hindering its progress, but has by his bad conduct, and wicked denial of it, involved the whole class, you and I among the rest, in the imputation of being violators of good order, and utterers of falsehood into the bargain. Now, for one, I have been taught to love truth from my earliest recollection, and I can not and will not rest under a charge of falsehood."

"Then why not go to the teacher and declare your innocence?"

"What good would that do? Has not every boy in the class made such a declaration—the innocent with the guilty? I could not ask the teacher to believe me."

"Well, indeed, I would not do it, Thomas," urged his friend.

"You have presented no good reason yet, John, why I should not do as I have determined."

"I have said that you would gain the ill-will of the whole class."

"That is not a reason sufficient to induce me to refrain from doing a right action."

Thus the two boys conversed as they walked along, and at length parted from each other. As soon as Thomas Jones entered his own house, he sought out his father, to whom he always went in difficulties, and by whose judgment he was always guided. To him he submitted his case, and asked to be advised.

"You have made up your mind, you say," remarked his father, after he had heard all his boy had to relate, "to inform your teacher, to-morrow, that James Harker was one of the offenders."

"That is, if you approve of my doing so."

"From the statement that you have given, Thomas, I do certainly approve of it. But you will no doubt be censured, and have your motives misinterpreted by many of your fellow-students."

"I know that, father. But you have often told me, that in every important action I should be governed by right motives, and not by the opinions of others."

"And you are conscious of having right motives in what you now propose to do?"

"I am."

"You do not feel glad at the idea of having James Harker censured for his conduct?"

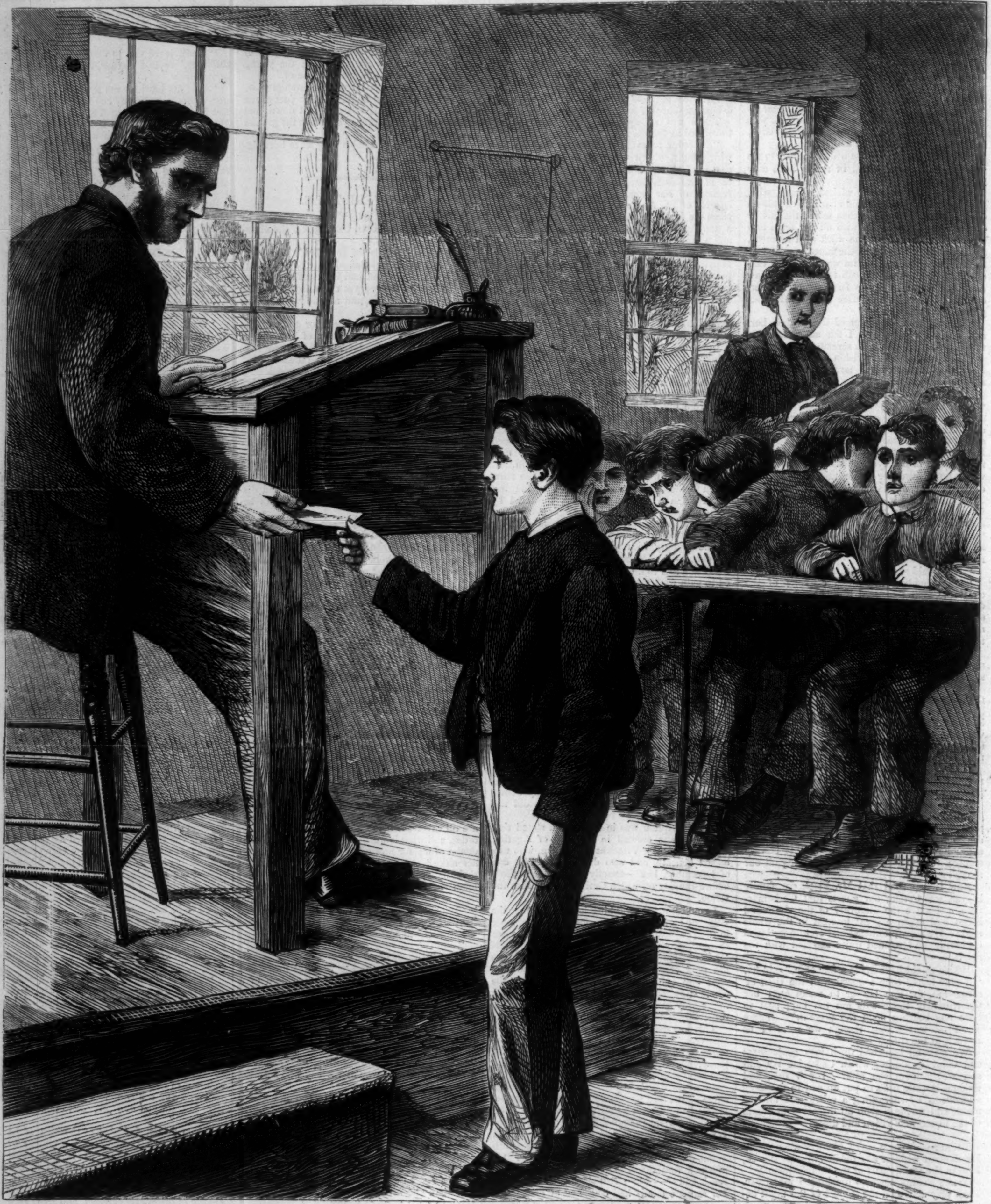
"Indeed, I do not. It is that idea that causes me to hesitate more than any thing else."

"What, then, is your motive?"

"One motive is, to relieve myself from the charge of disorderly conduct, and from an imputation of falsehood; and another motive is, to relieve from similar censure all in the class who are innocent. It seems to me, in a case like this, that it is every boy's duty to point out the guilty who thus take away from the good character of the whole. Shall what is good be injured under the false idea that it is mean to expose what is evil?"

"You certainly reason correctly, my boy," replied Mr. Jones, "and I shall fully approve the act you contemplate. Do not be deterred from doing it under the idea that you will be branded as an informer. There are many cases where it is right to become an informer, and wrong to withhold information; and this, I am fully persuaded, is an instance where the former rule is clearly applicable. But, in making your communication, as it is one in which your character and standing with the school is involved, do so in writing under your own name, with reasons. It is the duty of every one, after resolving to act right in a matter where he may be misjudged, to give his reasons, that he may not be injured by false judgment."

On the next morning, Thomas Jones waited



THE TELL-TALE—"HE WENT UP, WITH A FIRM STEP, TO THE TEACHER'S STAND, AND HANDED HIM A NOTE."

until nearly the close of the school, to see if James Harker would be honest and magnanimous enough to confess his fault; but as he did not do so, he went up, with a firm step, to the teacher's stand, handed him a note, and then retired to his seat. The teacher read the note, and after reflecting for a few minutes, arose and called the school to order.

"I hold a note in my hand," he said, after silence and attention were obtained, "the reading of which has afforded me no ordinary gratification. It indicates a tone of feeling and principle highly honorable to the writer. As requested by him, I will now read it to the class:

"'SIR,—Yesterday there was a violation of order in the school, the perpetrators of which you endeavored to find out, but in vain. In your manner of ascertaining the guilty the innocent became involved in the imputation of disorder, and, what is a thousand times worse, of falsehood. I saw one boy in the act of making the noise you complained of, and have tried, in vain, to convince him that he ought to confess his fault, and thus relieve his fellow-students from the charge under which they now rest. But he will not do so, and calls me a "tell-tale" and other hard names, because I tell him if he will not do so I shall be compelled to become an informer. Now, in doing so, I wish it to be clearly understood that I am not prompted by a desire to see him punished, but am only impelled from a sense of duty to myself and the whole class to do this act. The boy's name is James Harker. Please read this to the class. THOMAS JONES.'

"James Harker will come forward," the teacher said as he laid aside the note.

The boy he called came forward with a guilty, downcast face.

"Did you make the noise I complained of yesterday?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Why did you do it?"

"Bill Grimes, Henry Peters, and Tom Price were as bad as I. They made a noise too."

"William Grimes, Henry Peters, and Thomas Price, will all come forward."

The three boys named came forward; and when questioned, did not deny the charge.

"You now see," remarked the teacher, "the four boys who involved in disgrace the whole class. You also see the difference between a high-minded boy, impelled by a sense of duty to become an informer, and what is meant by a mere tell-tale. Thomas Jones is one, James Harker the other. So soon as the guilt of the latter is discovered he immediately informs on all who are guilty, in the hope of seeing them likewise punished.

"And now," continued the teacher, "let every boy who blames Thomas Jones for what he has done hold up his hand."

Not a hand was raised.

"Now all who approve of his conduct hold up their hands."

Every hand was lifted, and every countenance expressed gratification.

The class was then dismissed; and the offenders left with the teacher, to be dealt with as he might see to be the most for their good and the welfare of the school.

In this little story, the principal incidents of which are true, I have endeavored to give my young readers some idea of the difference between acting from a mere selfish impulse, and from a clear conviction of right. It is from the motive from which a thing is done that determines the quality or character of an action. Thus, an action may be good or bad, so far as the individual is concerned, according to the motive which influences him. Thomas Jones did right in informing upon James Harker, because his end was a good one; but James Harker was acted upon by a wrong motive, the desire to see his companions in evil punished with himself, when he became an informer; and therefore his act as far as he was concerned was an evil one. Learn, then, to discriminate between motives, and be well assured of their purity before you act from them. And also resolve, when you are convinced that it is right for you to do a thing, and that it is your duty to do it, that you will do that thing regardless of what may be thought or said of you. Then when you grow up to be men will you be truly useful in society; for to men of like character is society indebted for all the great moral reformations that have ever taken place in the world.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT, GENOA.

GENOA, ITALY.

WHEN and by whom was America discovered? A question in geography, which it was my turn sometimes to answer as I stood in class on a line of the well-worn floor in the ever-to-be-remembered old red-brick school-house located among the hills of northern Massachusetts. My parroty answer, "in 1492, by CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, a native of Genoa," was as promptly as it was thoughtlessly given. That was many years lang syne; but the scene rushed vividly on my mind when, on entering Genoa by the Porta Lanterna, the first thing that I saw was this inscription on a building in front of the gate or porta, "CRISTOFORO COLOMBO scopre America." I forgot for the moment that I was entering Genoa, "la superba," and remembered only the old red-brick school-house and my childhood's pleasures there. Another object soon recalled my thoughts, for in the large square near the gate was a handsome monument of white marble, which had been erected to the memory of the brave discoverer, and of which the accompanying sketch will give you a better idea than any description of mine.

The Indian girl at the feet of COLUMBUS needs to be labeled, "this is supposed to be an Indian girl;" or, as Artemus said of his show, "DANIEL may be known from the rest of the lions by the green cotton umbrella under his arm." So this may be known for an Indian girl by the feathers on her head; for the bandeau of perpendicular feathers is all there is to mark an American aboriginal. Any modern original belle might well have posed for the statue. But as you have the sketch you can do your own criticising, whether for praise or censure. One item more of COLOMBO before we talk of Genoa.

A few hours before reaching Genoa we were shown a dingy old house located in a dirty little town yclept Cogoleto, or Congoletto, on which was an inscription that "here CRISTOFORO COLOMBO was born." Now if he was "raised" there I do not wonder that he sought another world, if only to escape from the wretched poverty and misery which were the prevailing characteristics of Congoletto.

The appellation of "la superba" to Genoa is apropos now to its situation rather than to the city itself, for its streets are very narrow, mere alley-ways most of them, two or three only having any pretension to the width of Broadway at Broadway's narrowest, and its palaces being all decayed and gloomy are superb only in large entrance gates, grand stairways, and extent of building. The guide-books will enlighten you as to their location, owners, founders, architects, and pictures, all of which interest me too little to waste ink and paper upon them; but of the situation of Genoa I am ready to say that it is indeed superb.

It is sheltered and protected by the hills of Carignano on the east, St. Benigno on the west, and these are joined by an intervening Apennine chain on the north, which completes the amphitheatre, in the centre of which Genoa is situated. It is exposed only to warm, genial southern breezes, supposed to be conducive to health; but I should much prefer to take my chances for good health in a colder and cleaner place.

A few words only of the churches. The Annunziata is squalid enough exteriorly, but interiorly gorgeous in blue and gold. A Madonna in silver instead of the usual marble representation, lamps said to be of gold, and other expensive paraphernalia tell the story of the Annunziata. Of San Lorenzo, or, as it is called now, the Cathedral, the exterior is a patchwork of black and white stripes, with only one tower completed, though the church was commenced hundreds of years ago. The columns are said to have been brought from Jerusalem, which does not by any means help to any idea of beauty, for they are most uncommonly ugly, as is the full relievo in stone of Saint Lorenzo roasting on a gridiron, which adorns (?) the façade, being placed over the principal entrance. There is a chapel of St. John too in this Cathedral, where no female is allowed to enter on account of the fascinating power once exercised by Miss Herodias. Personally I did not consider the prohibition as any punishment, as I had no curiosity whatever to see the said chapel.

I found myself, or rather my hat, to be a curiosity to these untraveled Genoese. I don't know which attracted most attention, my "seaside" sun-protecting hat, on the part of the Genoese women, or their muslin mazeros or scarfs on my part; but I believe my hat carried the day, for I repeatedly heard remarks, *sotto voce*, on "*il cappello della Donna*" after I had passed by the speakers, who were either women or children. The men preserved due decorum in look and speech. One morning, as in my exploration of the by-ways I passed through a little market, I heard a call in a feminine voice of "*guarda il cappello*" (look at the hat), followed by such a merry, prolonged cachinnation that I involuntarily joined in it. I think the enjoyment of the thing was equally shared.

The never-failing head-covering of the middle class is a scarf (mazero) of white muslin, fastened either across the front or back part of the head (at the fancy of the wearer), and which, falling over the shoulders, has a very picturesque effect, particularly if the wearer is young and pretty, which was often the case.

The peasants wear a mazero of cotton printed in bright gaudy colors. Some of them looked as if they had been made from old-fashioned chintz bed-spreads, borrowed from some such stores as I have seen in New England garrets. One very old woman had on such a very striking affair that I turned to take a second look to see if she were really the motive power of the mass of gay birds and flowers printed on her mantle of white cotton, or if some of them had not volition of their own; but her gaze at my hat outdid mine at her mazero, so I called it "quits." J.

MONUMENT TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AT GENOA, ITALY.

AN INDIAN CEMETERY.

THE customs of burial adopted by different nations, handed down by tradition often from the remotest times, are very significant. Their meaning, however, is not *all* apparent; much has been lost in the lapse of ages, and frequently only the naked rite is left us, which we must explain as best we can. It is scarcely possible now for us to determine whether the Egyptians embalmed the bodies of their departed friends to preserve them against destruction in a watery soil or because they believed that by preserving the body they also preserved the soul. Certainly they seem to have held that the soul and body were indissoluble. Those ancient nations that adopted the custom of urn-burial appear to have held exactly the opposite belief—that the destruction of the body was the deliverance of the soul. BACON somewhere alludes to the preference which the Jews had for burial in a soil that, on account of its peculiar chemical properties, tended toward the rapid dissolution of the body. Aceldama, he says, was chosen as a cemetery for this reason. Then, again, some nations prefer the concealment of the human remains, while others take extraordinary means to secure exposure. Some African tribes, DU CHAILLU tells us, bury in the hollows of trees or under the beds of streams. The Parsees, on the contrary, expose their remains on the top of lofty towers, called, in the poetical language of the East, "Halls of Silence." The bodies are left upon a grating so adjusted that when the birds of the air have accomplished the destruction of the flesh the bones fall through between the bars.

Somewhat similar to this is the custom adopted by the Indians on the Plains, illustrated on page 152. The body of the departed is covered with different wrappings, the first usually a blanket, and the last a mat of small willows strung together by means of buffalo sinews, and is then deposited among the branches of the cotton-wood or other trees. Usually—almost always—these relics are found along the banks of streams. THEODORE R. DAVIS, in his article, "A Summer on the Plains," published in *Harper's Magazine* for February, 1868, describes another but very similar mode of burial, an instance of which he observed on the Saline River. He says: "At some little distance from the village site, and on a prominent knoll, we discovered a small scaffold. It was evidently the last resting-place of some Indian; its investigation proved very interesting. The scaffold was constructed of small saplings, the body was placed on the top, where it was carefully covered from the weather with the canvas cover of a captured wagon. The Indians had left with the body what they consider the necessary outfit for a trip to the 'Happy Hunting Ground,' such as arms, ammunition, food, and clothing, a handsome parflèche, a number of carefully-braided lariats, and a small portion of the scalp of some murdered white woman. The white man's clothing seemed to have been highly valued, for several articles of his wearing apparel were found with the body."

However disposed of, the Indians always place the feet of the dead to the south. Christians, and indeed almost all men, have from times immemorial buried the body with the head toward the west, so that the face looked toward the rising sun. But to the Indian the Great Spirit resides in the south, and thitherward they direct their prayers and the faces of their dead.

EYES AND NO EYES.

AN amusing result of the passport system is reported from Paris. A certain mayor had to make out a passport for a certain duchess. The duchess was wealthy; the mayor was in her service. The duchess was something of a coquette; the mayor was anxious to gratify her humor. But the duchess was one-eyed, and the mayor had a difficulty in making out the passport. How was he to describe her eyes? He entered them in the schedule as follows: "Eyes—dark, beautiful, soft, full of expression—*one of them being absent.*" This is surely the triumph of courtesy, and worthy of the nation that plumes itself on its politeness.

ENGLISH VALENTINES.

IN England Valentine's Day has recovered its pristine importance, and it is now *en règle* to send a remembrance to one's *coterie d'intime*, and valentines are made not only elegant souvenirs of friendship or of a deeper feeling, but are also useful gifts. Thus, beneath a beautiful sachet composed of quilted silk or satin we find a lace handkerchief or half-a-dozen fine cambric mouchoirs; or, in another style, we open a musical valentine, and in the lovely humming-bird's nest lies hidden among the pearly eggs a pretty ring. The character of the most fashionable valentines of this season harmonizes with the Watteau costumes that are so generally worn. Many of the valentines are painted with Watteau designs; these are richly painted on white and colored silk, and framed by a setting of pearls and swan's-down or marabout feathers; others are ornamented with curious bows, knots, and rosettes of ribbon and lace. Among the Watteau valentines we remarked a painting that pleased us much: two figures—"Beauty, the girl, and Love, the boy"—are bound by garlands, and surrounded by wreaths of flowers and leaves.

HAVE CHARITY.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

Through the great, sin-blasted city
  Toils a homeless little one—
Not a friend to soothe or pity—
  Not a bed to lie upon—
Ragged, dirty, bruised and bleeding—
  Subject still to kick and curse—
Schooled in sin and sadly needing
  Aid from Christian tongue and purse.

But the rich and gay pass by her,
  Full of vanity and pride,
And a pittance they deny her,
  As they pull their skirts aside.
Then a sullen mood comes o'er her—
  Reckless she of woe or weal—
Death from hunger is before her—
  She must either starve or steal.

She *does* steal, and who can blame her,
  Hunger pangs her vitals gnaw—
None endeavor to reclaim her,
  And she violates the law.
Then the pampered child of fashion,
  Who refused to give relief,
Cries, with well-affected passion,
  "Out upon the little thief!"

Censors full of world-wise schooling,
  Cease to censure and deplore—
When the girl transgressed man's ruling
  She obeyed a higher law.
Take her place—feel her temptation—
  Starved, unhoused—no succor nigh—
And, though sure of reprobation,
  Ye would steal ere ye would die!

THE CITY'S CHILDREN!

TERRIBLE ATROCITIES!!

A Little Girl's Feet Frozen Off!!!

THE FLESH CUT FROM HER BACK!!!!

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY!!!!!

Villainy under the Veil of Charity!

RELIGIOUS HUMBUGS EXPOSED!

VICE MORE PROFITABLE THAN VIRTUE!

A SAINT'S FACE AND A DEMON'S HEART!!

HOW LONG SHALL SUCH THINGS CONTINUE!!

THE MONSTER PUNISHED!!!

RETRIBUTION!!!

In spite of the exertions made by the "Children's Aid Society," "The News-Boys' Lodging Rooms," and city missions generally, there is still much to do in the matter of relieving the necessities of the suffering little ones known as "The City's Children"—little, white-faced, penury-pinched sufferers, who live in pestilential, subterranean abodes, dark courts, and filthy air-poisoned alley-ways, or roam the streets in the day-time and sleep at night in covered wagons, coal-boxes, or any other place they may be able to steal into—some of whom have neither parents nor friends, and others who have relatives, but would be better off without them.

Every body will remember the case of the unfortunate orphan girl who, some twelve or fourteen years ago, was taken from the poor-house by a fiend in human shape named Mrs. Decker, who resided at the time on Staten Island. It will be in the recollection of many how this poor, friendless little creature was tortured by the wretch who had adopted her, till death kindly put an end to her sufferings. How she was beaten till her little body was a mass of bruises—starved till her bones seemed bursting through the skin—turned out into the bitter cold almost naked till her feet were blistered with frost, and her emaciated frame racked by rheumatism—while all the while the monster who subjected her to such tortures attended church regularly, and was regarded as little less than a saint by those who did not know her.

This, as we have said, occurred nearly a score of years ago, but who can say how many similar cases have happened since—are happening every day in fact? The Mrs. Deckers are not all dead yet—society is full of them and their victims, and, what is worse, this will always be the case till the millenium comes. We can not alter human nature, but we can do the next best thing—we can expose such atrocities when they come to light, and such is our purpose at the present time. Any body who will follow us through the following narrative of wrong and retribution will acknowledge the full force of all which we have said, and will feel themselves well repaid for their trouble as well.

"Please, sir, may I shovel off your sidewalk?"

"No, boy!—go home and tell your mother to take care of you."

"I only want five cents, sir—just five cents—let me have five cents for half an hour and I'll do any work you're a-mind to set me at—I don't care what it is."

"No, I tell you! Go home and keep out of the streets! Go to school! I don't see what parents can be thinking of to allow their children to go running around begging!"

The first speaker was a stout-built lad, who carried upon his shoulder a rudely-constructed wooden shovel, and the person to whom he addressed himself was the wealthy Mr. Seymour, who occupied a palatial mansion in one of the streets cutting the Fifth Avenue at right angles.

The boy was about fourteen years of age, and though shabbily dressed and wretched-looking enough, there was something about his countenance which could not fail to impress a close observer favorably.

Mr. Seymour had just returned from a drive out on the Avenue in his magnificent sleigh, and was about entering the door of his residence, when the boy, who had been looking wistfully, as he walked along, at the windows of the rich mansions in front of which he was passing, paused and accosted him.

About an hour after the above conversation, Mr. Seymour, again dressed for the street, stood gazing from the window of his front parlor. Already he regretted that he had so rudely answered the boy's petition, and in imagination he again beheld the pleading face. Suddenly an exclamation, half of fear, half of surprise, burst from his lips as he actually met the mournful gaze of the boy's large, sorrowful eyes.

It was but a single glance, and the boy passed away without offering to stop, but soon recovering himself, Mr. Seymour sprang to the hall, then out at the door, and in an instant was at the boy's side.

"Here, boy!" he said, hurriedly, as he touched the lad on the shoulder, "have you got what you were asking for yet?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, dejectedly; "the people tell me that I am too small to shovel snow, and too big to beg, and so I s'pose I shall have to go home without any thing. No I won't though," he added, suddenly, while a look of savage recklessness settled upon his pallid features—"no I won't! I have never done any thing wicked yet, but I'll steal—I'll *murder* before I go home without any thing!"

"Good gracious, boy!" exclaimed Mr. Seymour, "what are you saying? Upon my life you talk like a perfect young savage. Here—here's some change for you!" And he placed in his hand a few silver coins.

Instantly the look of blank despair vanished from the boy's face, and an expression of intense satisfaction took its place, as, eagerly clutching the money which the rich man held out to him, he hastily ejaculated a fervent "Thank'ee, sir!" and fled away up the street at his topmost speed.

Mr. Seymour stood looking after the boy till he saw him enter a baker's shop on the corner, and then he mechanically followed in the same direction.

"So he *was* hungry," he muttered, as he walked along, "and perhaps he may be connected with some one who is also hungry. Who can tell? I don't know that it's any thing to me, but, by George, something which I can not exactly understand impels me to follow him, and I will do so, let what will come of it."

The boy *was* hungry—*very* hungry—for as he emerged from the baker's shop, clutching a loaf of bread in his nervous grasp, Mr. Seymour, who followed closely, observed that he tore a piece from it and ravenously gnawed it as he started on a run.

At length the boy darted up a dark alley-way, the entrance to which Mr. Seymour reached just in time to see the object of his pursuit enter a tenant building which stood far back in the rear.

Mr. Seymour also entered the dismal habitation, and, after some delay, found himself in an apartment on the second floor. The room was a small one, and from its position the light of day, except at meridian (it was about three o'clock then), was almost excluded. The floor was cleanly scrubbed, the walls were white, and the window-panes, what few were left, glistened brightly in the sunlight, but save a clean board which, resting upon a barrel, served as a table, and a bed which occupied the darkest corner of the room on the floor, the apartment contained no furniture.

Sitting bolt upright upon this latter article was a woman, wasted away almost to a skeleton. In both her bony hands she clutched a loaf of bread, from which she had ravenously torn a mouthful, and lying prone at her side, with his face buried in the pillow, and groaning and sobbing piteously, was the boy whom the rich man had followed.

Mr. Seymour was unable to scan the woman's features closely, for the bright glare of the sun upon the snow without had temporarily unfitted his eyes to view objects in a subdued light; but he saw enough to shock him greatly, and stooping down he placed his hand upon the shoulder of the boy, and shaking him gently, he said in a kindly tone:

"Get up my little man, and run out for some more fitting food than that. You shall want for nothing now, for I will be your friend. See, here is money!" And as he spoke he took some silver coins from his pocket.

Rising from his recumbent position as the first tones of the gentleman's voice fell upon his ears, the boy turned and faced the latter, who was surprised to see upon his features, not a look of gratitude, but an expression amounting almost to malignity.

"Go away!" exclaimed the boy, bitterly; "go away, and leave me alone. I hate you!"

"And why should you hate me, my poor lad?" inquired Mr. Seymour, in a tone of unfeigned surprise—"I never injured you!"

"You have!" exclaimed the boy, passionately, "you have always injured me, and such as me. I hate you because you are rich, and because you don't care who starves so long as you have plenty to eat and to drink, and to wear, and throw away. I feel as though I could kill you, and I may, too, if you don't go away, for I have the strength to do it *now*, although I am only a boy!"

"Upon my life, I believe the boy is getting crazy!" exclaimed Mr. Seymour, in a sort of half soliloquy.

"I believe I am," returned the boy, vehemently, "and it wouldn't be much to wonder at if I did. I wish I was crazy or dead, I wouldn't care which."

Mr. Seymour was about to make some conciliatory reply, but before he could do so the door opened, and a little girl about nine years of age entered, bearing in her hand a bowl of soup. She was a beautiful, bright-looking child, although her clothes were untidy, and her hair was uncombed, and fell straggling around her face. Her large blue eyes were full of gentleness and love, and an almost angelic look rested upon her meek, retiring countenance.

She was somewhat disconcerted upon discovering a stranger, but beckoning the boy to a corner, she said in a whisper, while a smile of joy lighted up her little, thin face:

"Here, Charley, I've brought a bowl of real nice soup for your mother, and I know it 'ill do her good. Mrs. Maddox, who lives up stairs, gave it to me for fetching her a pail of water, but I'm not hungry, and it will be so nice for your poor mother."

The boy's lip quivered as he struggled to subdue some terrible emotion, and he answered, at last, in a husky voice:

"She don't want it, Maggie—*I know she don't*—you eat it yourself."

"Who is that gentleman?" whispered the girl, at the same time stealing a glance at Mr. Seymour.

"He is a rich man," answered the boy aloud, "who lives in a great house up-town."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed the girl, joyously, "for I am sure he will do something for your mother!"

"Of course I will, my little lady," said Mr. Seymour—"that is what I came her for."

"No you won't!" exclaimed the boy, bitterly, "because you *can't* help her now! If you had given me only five cents when I first asked you for it, it might, perhaps, have done some good; but it's too late now. Look at her!" And again throwing himself face downward upon the bed, he gave away to another passionate outburst of grief.

A horrid suspicion flashed across the mind of the millionaire, whose eyes by this time had become accustomed to the moderate light, and looking directly at the woman, God of Heaven, what a sight broke upon his startled vision!

"Merciful Heaven!" he exclaimed, holding his hands before his eyes to shut out the frightful spectacle, "she is dead!"

"Yes," sobbed the boy, "dead—dead—dead! And when they put her in the cold ground, I shall be alone—all alone! There will be no one to care for me then!"

While he was thus wildly lamenting, the little girl had placed her bowl upon the rude table, and with the tears standing in her mild eyes had advanced toward him. Kneeling beside him as the despairing words left his lips, she threw her little white arms around his neck, and murmured, in a tone of mingled pathos and gentle reproach:

"No one, did you say, Charley? *No one at all?*"

Instantly the boy checked his violent grief, and looking up through his tears, he replied, as he affectionately pressed her hand:

"Oh, I forgot you, Maggie—I forgot you, but you mustn't blame me. I was thinking of nothing but her. It will be so very, very hard to see them take her away!"

By this time Mr. Seymour had recovered somewhat from the first shock which his feelings had sustained, and approaching close to the corpse he began to peruse the features attentively. A thrill of horror shook his frame anew as he did so, for, notwithstanding the change which death had made, he felt morally certain he had seen the face before, under far different circumstances.

"What is your name, boy?" he asked, excitedly, turning toward the sorrowing lad.

The boy was stubborn, and would not answer, but his little companion replied:

"His name is Charley Hollister, sir."

"It *is she*; and we have met again at last, but under what terrible circumstances! Oh, what a frightful, frightful death for her to die!"

He spoke truly. It *was* a frightful death, for the woman had died of starvation! Starvation in the midst of plenty! Eager to appease the frightful cravings of hunger, she had seized the loaf and torn from it a mouthful, but even as she essayed to masticate it the fatal reaction took place, death seized her in the effort, and she who had once tasted the sweets of affluence now sat there the victim of cruel want, a stiffened corpse, grim, gaunt, and ghastly!

Casting a look at the children, who in their great grief had not noticed his agitation, the millionaire rushed from the house and took his way toward the coroner's office.

An inquest was held upon the body of a wretched and—except by the weeping boy she had left behind her—apparently unknown woman; the coroner's jury, composed of men who had suddenly been taken from their business and forced into the service, had promptly, and without striving very hard to find out who or what she was, returned a verdict that Mary Hollister, the unknown woman aforesaid, had come to her death by starvation; a wealthy and exemplary citizen had seen the poor victim of cruel want decently laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery, all the expenses attending the funeral having been paid out of his own pocket—and four persons had assembled in the room adjoining the one in which Mary Hollister died, to talk over the sad event. These were Charles Hollister, the son of the deceased woman; the little girl, Maggie; Mrs. Bridget Mullins, a washerwoman of unmistakably Celtic origin; and Mr. Philip Ferry, known in the neighborhood as "Phil, the Philosopher."

"And so the fine gentleman has offered to find a place for you, has he, Charley, dear?" asked the widow, addressing the deceased woman's son.

The poor boy, who, absorbed in his deep grief, sat in an out-of-the-way corner, did not hear her, and little Maggie once more became his mouth-piece.

"Don't speak to him now, Mrs. Mullins; please don't," pleaded the little creature; "he feels so bad he don't want to talk. I know all about it, and I'll answer your questions. Mr. Seymour has offered to find a place for Charley—I heard him."

The conversation was interrupted by a knock at the door, which was opened by Mrs. Mullins, and a tall, bilious-looking man, of a sinister expression of countenance, wriggled his way into the room.

"Eels!" whispered the philosopher, musingly, as soon as his eyes fell upon the new-comer; "I can see 'em sticking out all over. Slippery and tricky—twist himself into any shape he pleases, and adroitly make his escape through the smallest kind of a hole. Every hair on his head—to be sure there isn't many of them—is an eel; and if an eel's eye was magnified to the size of his with a proper lens, I'll venture to say you couldn't tell one from the other!"

The individual concerning whom Phil Ferry thus soliloquized looked sharply around at the group for a moment or two without speaking, and then, turning his gaze toward the widow, he said:

"So she's gone at last, eh?"

"She is, Docther McNab," replied Mrs. Mullins, "she is, poor crayther! Heaven rest her sowl!"

"And the boy—what will become of him now?" asked the man, while a greedy look lighted up his dull, gray eyes. "I hear that a rich man, a Mr. Seymour, has offered to take charge of him. Is that so?"

"I believe it is," answered Mrs. Mullins, "but divil a much meself knows about it. But don't throuble the boy—poor little filly, the thribulashin is keen on him! Ask Maggie—she knows."

"Oh, yes, Maggie! My dear little Maggie!" exclaimed the doctor, with affected tenderness, as he approached the child; "she will tell me all about it. She will come and live with me now, I guess. She won't want to stay here after they take away her playmate! Won't you come with me, Maggie?"

"No, I won't!" exclaimed the child, with a shudder, and at the same time she crept close to Mrs. Mullins, and seized tightly hold of that good woman's apron, as though she feared the doctor might seize her forcibly and bear her off.

"And why not, my little dear?" asked the doctor, with great blandness.

"Because I don't like you," replied the child, with great candor—"I'd rather go and live in that dark dungeon where my father died than to go home with you. I'm afraid of you!"

"Now that is hard, isn't it, Mrs. Mullins?" said the doctor, appealingly. "That is really hard. I attended that little girl's father professionally all through his many fits of sickness without charging him one cent, and now, when I want to continue my kindness by giving her a home, she won't come near me. I dare say the boy is just like her. I attended his mother professionally, also, without receiving any pecuniary recompense save a few trinkets, and I don't suppose he has any more gratitude than Maggie has. Will you come and learn to be a doctor, Charley?" he continued, addressing the boy.

"No, not with you," sententiously answered the grief-stricken youth, turning his tear-swollen eyes upon the questioner.

"No," said Maggie, "Charley and I will go together. Wherever he goes I will go. If Mr. Seymour takes him, I will beg Mrs. Seymour to take me."

Dr. McNab had good reasons for feeling interested in the children, and what those reasons were will appear in the course of our story.

It was one morning about a week after the events just narrated took place that Mr. and Mrs. Seymour sat at the breakfast-table, the gentleman reading the morning paper and sipping his coffee by turns, while the lady remained silent, apparently in deep thought about something.

At length, throwing down his paper, and emptying his cup at a draught, Mr. Seymour said, with a sigh:

"I never take up a paper of late, my dear, that I do not come across the details of some horrible case of destitution and misery."

"I have noticed, Andrew," said Mrs. Seymour, "that of late you seem more than usually interested in the sufferings of the poor. My attention, too, has been much attracted to such cases since I heard of your praiseworthy action in reference to that unfortunate woman who died of starvation. Although I must admit that your conduct was commendable, I can not understand why you have taken such an interest in her orphan boy. After superintending the funeral, and paying all the expenses, you bring two destitute children here to your own home, one of them the unfortunate woman's son."

Mrs. Seymour paused, in order to give her husband an opportunity to say something in explanation, but he remained silent, and she continued:

"And another singular phase of this most singular matter is, that you seem less inclined to converse about the boy than you do about the girl. Without any inquiry upon my part, you told me all you knew about the girl, but when I ventured to question you concerning the boy, you evinced a palpable disinclination to converse on the subject, and would not give me the slightest satisfaction."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Seymour, apparently with great reluctance, "it is true that I have all along tried to avoid this subject, but, as you force me to it, I will admit that there is a mystery about the boy and his mother—a mystery which I have reasons of my own for not wishing to explain, and which could advantage you nothing, even if I should do so. Let me implore you, then, as you value our domestic quiet, not to allude to the subject again. The boy will be out of the house shortly, and, after he is gone, let us cease to talk of the past. I spoke to an employing silversmith about him yesterday, Mr. Barak Jeffries, and Charley is to be placed in his care to-morrow. But how about your little *protégé*, Maggie? Have you found a place for her yet, or do you mean to adopt her?"

"I would willingly adopt her," replied Mrs. Seymour, who saw at once that it would be useless to attempt to penetrate her husband's secret, and who assumed a satisfaction she by no means felt, "if I could reconcile such a course with my conscience; but I fear I am growing too fond of her, and we should not place our affections upon things of this earth. The fact that our Heavenly Father has never blessed us with children is the best proof that he intended I should devote myself entirely to his service. She is a sweet child, and I am happy in having been able to pluck her as a brand from the burning (this was a favorite expression with the lady), but I can not make up my mind to assume the entire care of her, and so I think I will permit a Mrs. Dockett, who has made application to our Society for a little girl to adopt, to take her. She seems a very pious kind of woman, and has promised to bring Maggie up in the faith."

Poor Maggie! she little knew the fate that awaited her. And had Mrs. Seymour been aware of it, her philanthropic heart would have thrilled with horror, and she would as soon have thought of placing the helpless little one in the keeping of a wild beast.

An hour later, after Mr. Seymour had left the house, to attend to business, Mrs. Dockett made her appearance, wishing to consult with Mrs. Seymour about taking charge of Maggie.

"How old did you say she was?" asked Mrs. Dockett, after some preliminary observations had passed between herself and Mrs. Seymour.

"It is impossible to say, exactly," replied the latter lady, "for the child does not know her age. I should suppose her, however, to be about nine years old."

"The dear child!" exclaimed Mrs. Dockett, with fervor; "and what is her name, mem?"

"Of that we are also ignorant," answered Mrs. Seymour—"she is a poor little waif, of whose history we have been able to learn but little. About three years ago her father, a besotted creature, who was not fit to have the charge of a dog, much less a tender child, hired a room in the house from which we took her. He died miserably in prison, not long afterward, of *delirium tremens*, and from that time till we found her the little unfortunate picked up her living by running errands for the tenants. Maggie is the only name by which she is at present known."

"The poor darlin', unfortnit little soul!" exclaimed Mrs. Dockett, applying her handkerchief to her eyes. "Oh, Mrs. Seymour, I must have that child! I feel like I could eat her up now without even seein' of her. I wanted to get some poor little waif, as you call it, without no father or mother, or any friends to care for it, and I'm so glad I applied to your blessed, heavenly Society, you don't know!"

Had Mrs. Dockett known how inextricably interwoven was the past history of that little unfortunate with her own, she would not have been so perfectly self-possessed as she contemplated taking charge of her. But she did not know it, and she was happy in her ignorance.

"You will treat her in all respects as if she were my child, and I had placed her with you to board, will you?" asked Mrs. Seymour, delighted with the flattering allusion which had been made to *the* Society.

Mrs. Dockett looked up toward Heaven, as though calling the Sacred Hosts to witness her sincerity, then wiped her eyes energetically, she sighed heavily, and then said emphatically:

"Won't I, though?"

"And you will bring her up in *the* faith?" continued Mrs. Seymour; "you will studiously teach her to renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh. You will see to it that she listens only to sound doctrine?"

"Mrs. Seymour," responded Mrs. Dockett, half reproachfully, but ecstatically, "if I thought there was one hair in my head that wasn't Episcopal, I'd have my head shaved clean on purpose to get rid of that one, and wear a horrid cap for the rest of my days!"

Mrs. Seymour wanted no farther proof of her visitor's fitness for any work which she might be called upon to do after she had given such powerful evidence of "the faith that was in her," and so "the second waif" was furnished with a mother.

The next morning, when the children met each other in the kitchen, the eyes of both were red with weeping.

"We have got to go to different places now, Charley," said Maggie, laying her hand upon his arm, and looking tearfully into his face.

"Yes, Maggie," replied the boy, sadly; "I am sorry we can't be kept together, but it is better that we should do something for ourselves."

"I suppose it is," replied the little creature, dejectedly, "but I never thought of parting from you, Charley."

"Never mind," said the boy, hopefully, and a bright smile overspread his fine features as he spoke, "we shall see each other often. Mr. Seymour has promised me that already. He has told me where Mrs. Dockett lives on Long Island, and, if I work smart, perhaps I shall be allowed to visit you every week. Who knows!"

"Oh, if I was only sure of that!" exclaimed the child, joyfully.

"Besides," continued the boy, energetically, "I am to learn a good trade, and I am to have plenty of over-work. Who can tell how much I may be able to save up? Why, I might be able to pay your board and buy clothes for you in a little while, and then you could come and live in the city where I could see you every day! Only think of that, Maggie!"

Poor children! their happy anticipations were but short-lived! They had always been familiar with misery, but there was a "deeper deep" of wretchedness for them still!

Mr. Seymour had placed Charles Hollister with the silversmith for a fortnight on trial, at the end of which time, if all parties were satisfied, he was to be duly apprenticed; but the boy had not been under the charge of his employer a week before he discovered that there was something wrong about the man, although the latter tried hard to appear excessively parent-like and amiable.

Among the apprentices who operated in the "bee-hive," as the shop was termed by Mr. Jeffries, was a little, pale-faced, consumptive-looking boy, about the age of Charles Hollister, who at once attracted the attention and excited the commiseration of the newly-entered apprentice, who felt a secret satisfaction when he was informed that the boy in question, whose name was Richard Manners, was to be his room-mate. The two boys became fast friends the very first night that they slept together, and they grew more and more attached to each other as their intimacy became closer.

The first effort of the new apprentice, naturally enough, was to gather from his companion some idea of his employer and his fellow-apprentices; but, strangely enough, the boy would never allow himself to be drawn into a conversation on that subject. He would talk freely enough on any other theme, but the moment the shop was mentioned he was dumb; nor could all the ingenuity of young Hollister put him off his guard.

It was the night before the one upon which the probationary fortnight of the new apprentice would expire, and he and his room-mate had retired to their room.

Hollister was the first to throw his clothes off and jump into bed, and as he lay there watching his room-mate he could not help noticing the look of painful anxiety which rested upon the features of the latter. The boy was never at any time disposed to be mirthful, but now his face wore a look which plainly spoke of some especial source of regret, and before getting into bed, he, contrary to his usual custom, carefully looked under it and around the room, and finally he opened the bed-room door, and looked out into the entry.

"What's the matter, Dick?" said Hollister, when the former had at length stretched himself out at his side. "You ain't afraid of burglars, are you?"

"No," replied the boy, in a whisper; "wuss'en that."

"What is it, then?" asked Hollister. "Come, speak out; don't be alarmed!"

"Hush-h-h!" whispered the boy, trembling as he spoke; "don't speak so loud—*he* might hear you."

"And who is *he*?" asked Hollister, without altering his tone.

"I won't talk to you, Charley," replied the boy, in a whisper so low as to be almost inaudible, "if you don't speak lower. I know he is around some where, and I tell you he will hear you."

"Well, then," whispered Hollister, who, willing to gratify the lad, brought his voice down to the lowest pitch, "I will speak low; and now tell me who is that *he* you are so much afraid of?"

"The Boss!" replied the boy, in a frightened tone; "and you'd be afraid, too, if you knew him as well as I do."

"Well, I don't like him very much myself, Dick," replied Hollister; "but I don't see any thing in him

to be frightened at, and I don't see as we've much to complain about. He uses us pretty well. We've got plenty to eat, and to drink, and to wear, and don't have to work very hard."

"Oh, yes," whispered Dick, significantly, "that's 'cos he's got a new boy on trial. We allers do have a high old time whenever a new boy comes; but we have to pay up for it afterward. It seems to me almost as if you were my brother, Charley, and I will say this much to you, if I die for it—*don't you be bound to him!*"

"What are you whispering about there, Richard?" broke in the shrill voice of the king-bee from the entry outside; "I am afraid I will have to curtail your sleeping hours; you've got too much time for sleeping—you have!"

"I knew he was around!" whispered the little unfortunate. "Oh, won't I catch it for this!" And turning his back to his companion, he refused to say another word.

The boy's warning was not without its effect upon the mind of young Hollister; but, having once resolved upon his course of action, he was not easily to be swerved therefrom; and before closing his eyes in sleep he determined to carry out his original purpose, let what would happen—which he subsequently did; but he had not been an indentured apprentice forty-eight hours when he bitterly regretted not having taken his little room-mate's advice.

From the moment the documents were signed which placed Charles Hollister beneath the entire control of Mr. Jeffries for seven years, the demeanor of the latter toward his apprentices underwent so complete a change that the newly-bound lad, although prepared to witness something of the kind from what Dick Manners had said, was greatly astonished. Ignorant of the world, and thoroughly artless and honest himself, he never imagined that any one could exercise such perfect hypocrisy. During the whole fortnight while he was on trial he had noticed that the boys were treated with great consideration. All this was changed, however, as soon as the neophyte became a full-fledged "bee"—then tasks were imposed upon the ill-starred apprentices the completion of which took them from twelve to sixteen hours per day, and they were compelled to submit daily to a thousand harrowing pieces of injustice which were calculated to wound the pride and lacerate the feelings of any boy possessing the slightest spirit.

It was on the morning of the second day of young Hollister's apprenticeship, and he was busily employed at the side of Dick Manners, under whose tuition he had temporarily been placed, when Mr. Barak Jeffries entered the "bee-hive," and, as was his wont, began the exercise of his daily tortures. Walking from one to another of his apprentices, he bestowed upon each as he passed along some biting innuendo or soul-cutting remark which admitted of no reply, till at length he stood behind Dick Manners, who felt his presence although he did not see him, and who shuddered as he continued his work without looking up.

"Richard!" squeaked the immaculate proprietor of the "bee-hive."

At the sound of his voice both boys looked up, and Hollister noticed that the tyrant held in his hand a rawhide, which till then he had kept concealed behind him.

"Richard!" repeated Jeffries, "you did not finish soldering them 'ere thimbles last night."

"No, sir," replied the boy, apprehensively; "if you please, sir, I couldn't."

"Couldn't!" exclaimed Mr. Jeffries, assuming a look of offended dignity, "*couldn't*, sir? Do you mean to tell me to my face that I have imposed a task upon one of my boys which he couldn't perform? I am grieved, I *rarely* am grieved, Richard Manners, to find that you are sich a hard case—sich a very hard case—in spite of all my talkin' to you, and advisin' of you, and persuadin' of you to do better. I can't allow sich conduct in my 'bee-hive,' sir; and although I am ready to shed tears when I think of doin' of it, I shall have to punish you severely again. It's very tryin' to a man of my sensibilities, but I shall have to do it; I can't help myself; it's a dooty wot I owe to you and your mother, and to myself!"

He took the poor trembling lad by the shoulder, as he spoke, and elevated his whip in the air; but before he had struck a blow, Hollister, who was at first rendered dumb by surprise, exclaimed, imploringly:

"Oh, don't whip him, Mr. Jeffries! Please don't, sir! I know he tried his best to finish his stint, for it was three o'clock this morning before he got to bed. Besides, sir, he's sick. He couldn't get to sleep for coughing for an hour after he laid down!"

Mr. Jeffries dropped his uplifted arm, and stood gazing at the new apprentice with a look of perfect amazement.

"Is it possible that I can be in my right senses?" he exclaimed, at length. "Have I acted as principal of the 'bee-hive' up to this late day to have a fresh-made apprentice a-givin' of me advice? Master Hollister, you have committed a very grave offense, sir—a offense, sir, which nothin' but your ignorance of my rules and regulations could induce me to overlook. I will forgive you this time, sir, but look out in futur' how you ventur' to speak afore you're spoken to. As for this 'ere boy, I can't forgive him—I wish I could—I shall have to give him some wholesome punishment, and I shall, also, much against my wishes, be obliged to report his outrageous conduct to his mother!"

This last sentence was one of Mr. Barak Jeffries's master-strokes in the exercise of torture. It pierced like a sharp knife the heart of the boy, and the fiend knew it would when he uttered it. Mrs. Manners, the boy's mother, was a widow, and he was her only son—the child of her old age. She idolized him, almost, and before she apprenticed him to the monster of the "bee-hive" she fondly hoped that he would grow up respected by his fellow-men and a blessing to her—the pride of her heart and the staff of her declining years. But all such happy anticipations were crushed as soon as communication was established between herself and Barak Jeffries, who pictured her poor boy as a very monster of disobedience and ingratitude—a juvenile fiend, in whose character it would be hard to discover one redeeming trait.

The poor woman did not wish to believe these terrible stories; but when they came from a man of such unquestionable respectability as Barak Jeffries—a man who dwelt upon her son's shortcomings with apparent reluctance, how could she refrain from conjuring him, by the memory of his dead father, not to add the sin of falsehood to his other misdeeds by denying the charges which were alleged against him?

Oh, how many tender hearts have been broken, and how many sterner ones rendered callous and dead to all feeling by the devilish skill of a Barak Jeffries? How many thieves, and assassins, and desperate ruffians have received the bent of their dispositions from such establishments as the "bee-hive?"

No cry of pain escaped the lips of Richard Manners as the fiend who held him in his grip proceeded to shower upon him a succession of heavy blows. He did not strive to get away, although the assault increased in violence with his passiveness, and the vital fluid stained his shirt as the instrument of torture lacerated his flesh, for his heart was bleeding too, and the pain which he felt there was greater than even his physical suffering.

He was thinking of his mother, and of the punishment, so oft repeated, which his cruel tyrant had threatened to inflict upon her. But there was one who felt every blow which descended upon the back of the helpless boy as keenly as though it had been inflicted upon himself. Of a just and generous, but impetuous and fiery nature, his young spirit chafed under such an exhibition of manifest cruelty and injustice. Tractable and mild to a degree under the power of kindness, he was a very demon when excited by wrong and oppression. A boy in years, he was at heart a man, and fear had no part in his composition.

From the moment that Barak Jeffries struck the first blow, he had dropped his tools, and stood looking on like one suddenly stricken dumb by surprise. As the punishment progressed, however, his dark eyes assumed an expression of ferocity, his broad chest rose and fell with the tumultuous passion which agitated it, the large veins upon his neck and forehead swelled nearly to bursting, and at length, suddenly rushing at Jeffries, he jerked the whip from his hand, threw it to the farthest corner of the room, and, in a voice husky with emotion, shrieked out:

"Stop!" and seizing a large hammer, the boy wielded it aloft and aimed a wicked blow at the head of his master.

(The continuation of this truthful and deeply-interesting narrative will be found in a serial story, entitled "MAGGIE THE CHARITY CHILD," published in No. 17 of the NEW YORK WEEKLY, NOW READY. The NEW YORK WEEKLY is beautifully illustrated, and contains forty long columns of closely-printed reading-matter making the NEW YORK WEEKLY the best story and sketch paper published. The New York Weekly is for sale by every News Agent throughout the Union and Canadas.)

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